★ July 13, 1940

THE NEW YORKER

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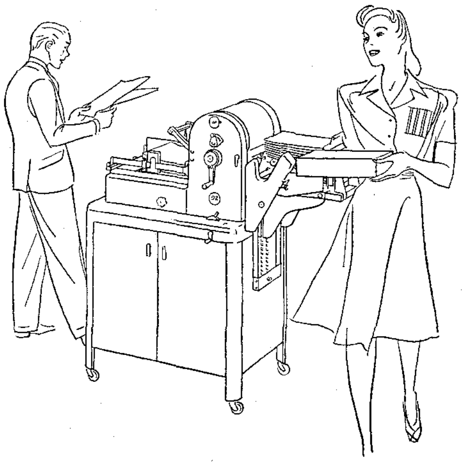

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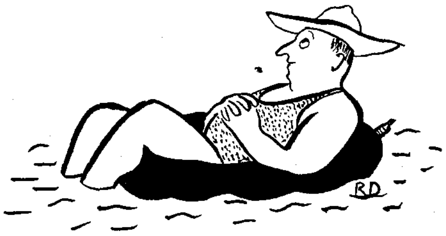
GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN



A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS WORTH WHILE

THIS LISTING COVERS THE TEN DAYS FROM THURSDAY, JULY 11, THROUGH SATURDAY, JULY 20. TIMES GIVEN, INCLUDING THOSE OF TRAINS, ARE DAYLIGHT SAVING.

THE THEATRE

(E. and W. mean East and West of Broadway.)

PLAYS

Ladies in Retirement—Poor Miss Fiske is strangled and put in an oven by the sanest of three crazy old maids. Gilbert Miller has produced one of the most satisfactory melodramas you've ever seen and is enormously helped by Flora Robson, Estelle Winwood, Jessamine Newcombe, and Isobel Elsom. (Henry Miller, 43, E. BR 9-3970. 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Thurs. and Sat.)

Life with Father—How things were on Madison Avenue in the eighteen-eighties. Howard Lindsay and Dorothy Stickney play Father and Mother in this very attractive dramatization of the late Clarence Day's book. (Empire, B'way at 40. PE 6-9540. 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Wed. and Sat.)

The Male Animal—Showing that you can push even a professor of English only so far. James Thurber being co-author, there is more to it than just that. The fine cast includes the other author, Elliott Nugent. (Cort, 48, E. BR 9-0046. 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Wed. and Sat.)

The Man Who Came to Dinner—A rather malicious and very witty comedy about an old New York *Times* dramatic critic, by his friends Mr. Kaufman and Mr. Hart. Monty Woolley is almost perfect in the principal rôle. (Music Box, 45, W. CI 6-4636. 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Thurs. and Sat.)

There Shall Be No Night—Robert E. Sherwood's conviction that the struggle in Europe is everybody's business made into a powerful and eloquent play. The Lunts are excellent, and they are very capably supported by Richard Whorf, Sydney Greenstreet, Montgomery Clift, and Elisabeth Fraser. (Alvin, 52, W. CO 5-4114. 8:40. No performances Sat. Mats. 2:40, Wed. and Thurs.)

Tobacco Road—Seventh year. With Will Geer. (Forrest, 49, W. CI 6-8870. 8:45. Mats. 2:45, Wed. and Sat.)

WITH MUSIC

Du Barry Was a Lady—A great big glittering bawdy show, with Ethel Merman and Bert Lahr making everything more than all right unless you are hypersqueamish. Cole Porter's music. (46th Street, 46, W. CI 6-6075. 8:30. Mats. 2:30, Wed. and Sat.)

Louisiana Purchase—Victor Moore is magnificent as a New England reformer in this fine musical comedy about New Orleans politics, written by Morrie Ryskind and Irving Berlin. William Gaxton, Vera Zorina, and Irene Bordoni are very helpful, too. (Imperial, 45, W. CO 5-7889. 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Wed. and Sat.)

New Hellz-a-Poppin—A revised version of the rough-and-tumble vaudeville acts insanely led by Olsen and Johnson. (Winter Garden, B'way at 50. CI 7-5161. 8:30. Mats. 2:30, Wed. and Sat.)

Walk with Music—Kitty Carlisle, Mitzi Green, Betty Lawford, Frances Williams, and Art Jarrett are among those mixed up in this musical comedy, which is nothing if not summery. (Ethel Barrymore, 47, W. CI 6-0390. 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Wed. and Sat.)

MISCELLANY

Jones Beach—A big variety show, with water ballet, water sports, and fireworks. (Marine Stadium, Jones Beach, L.I. Wantagh 1600. Sat. Eves. at 8:30.)

SUMMER STOCK

(In this listing you may find one or more theatres not too distant from where you happen to be in the country. No matinées, unless otherwise noted.)

Amherst—Tallulah Bankhead in "The Second Mrs. Tanqueray": through Sat., July 13. Jane Cowl in "Captain Brassbound's Conversion": Mon. through Sat., July 15-20. (Kirby Memorial Theatre, Amherst, Mass. 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Wed. and Sat.)

Cambridge—Helen Ford in "Tonight or Never": through Sat., July 13. Miriam Battista and Walter Slezak in "The Good Fairy": Mon. through Sat., July 15-20. (Cambridge Summer Theatre, Brattle Hall, Cambridge, Mass. 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Wed.)

Cape May—Julie Haydon and Hugh Rennie in "The Show-Off": through Sat., July 13. "What a Life!": Tues. through Sat., July 16-20. (Cape Theatre, Cape May, N.J. 8:45.)

Cedarhurst—"The Hottentot": through Sat., July 13. Ethel Barrymore in "The School for Scandal": Mon. through Sat., July 15-20. (Cedarhurst Playhouse, Cedarhurst, L.I. 8:40. Mats. 2:30, Wed. and Sat.)

Clinton—Irene Castle in "Shadow Play": through Sat., July 13. Pert Kelton in "Cupcake": Mon. through Sat., July 15-20. (Clinton Playhouse, Clinton, Conn. 8:30. Mats. 2:30, Wed. and Fri.)

Cohasset—Lenore Ulric in "Her Cardboard Lover": through Sat., July 13. Violet Heming and John Lodge in "Tomorrow and Tomorrow": Mon. through Sat., July 15-20. (South Shore Players, Cohasset, Mass. 8:30. Mats. 2:30, Wed.)

Dennis—Cornelia Otis Skinner in "Biography": through Sat., July 13. Irene Castle in "Shadow Play": Mon. through Sat., July 15-20. (Cape Playhouse, Dennis, Mass. 8:30. Mats. 2:40, Wed. and Fri.)

Gloucester—Edward Everett Horton in "Springtime for Henry": through Sat., July 13. Mady Christians in "No Time for Comedy": Mon. through Sat., July 15-20. (Bass Rocks Theatre, Gloucester, Mass. 8:45. Mats. 2:45, Wed. and Sat.)

Great Neck—Peggy Converse and Dennis Hoey in "The First Mrs. Fraser": through Sat., July 13. "The Show-Off": Mon. through Sat., July 15-20. (Chapel Theatre, Middle Neck Rd., Great Neck, L.I. 8:50.)

Guilford—Lili Damita in "White Cargo": through Sat., July 13. Ruth Chatterton in "Private Lives": Mon. through Sat., July 15-20. (Chapel Playhouse, Guilford, Conn. 8:45. Mats. 2:30, Wed.)

Harrison—Ethel Barrymore in "The School for Scandal": through Sat., July 13. Tallulah Bankhead in "The Second Mrs. Tanqueray": Mon. through Sat., July 15-20. (Deertrees Theatre, Harrison, Me. 8:30. Mats. 2:30, Wed., Thurs., and Fri.)

Ivoryton—"The Royal Family": through Sat., July 13. Buddy Ebsen in "The Poor Nut": Mon. through Sat., July 15-20. (Ivoryton Playhouse, Ivoryton, Conn. 8:30. Mats. 2:30, Fri.)

Jutland—Eddie Nugent in "The Cat and the Canary": through Sat., July 13. "The Vinegar Tree": Mon. through Sat., July 15-20. (Hunterdon Hills Playhouse, Jutland, N.J. 8:40. Mats. 2:30, Wed. and Sat.)

Locust Valley—"Four Cheers for Mother," a new comedy by Philip Dunning and L. G. Lighton: through Sat., July 13. Wesley Addy in "The Constant Nymph": Mon. through Sat., July 15-20. (Red Barn Theatre, Locust Valley, L.I. 9 o'clock.)

Maplewood—Francis Lederer and Claudia Morgan in "No Time for Comedy": through Sat., July 13. Ina Claire in "Biography": Mon. through Sat., July 15-20. (Maplewood Theatre, Maplewood, N.J. 8:45. Mats. 2:45, Wed. and Sat.)

Marblehead—Otto Preminger and Keenan Wynn in "Margin for Error": through Sat., July 13. Ezra Stone in "What a Life!": Mon. through Sat., July 15-20. (North Shore Players, Marblehead, Mass. 8:45. Mats. 2:45, Wed.)

Matunuck—John Beal in "Goodbye Again": through Sat., July 13. (Theatre-by-the-Sea, Matunuck, R.I. 8:45. Mats. 2:45, Thurs.)

Mt. Kisco—Mildred Natwick in "Bunty Pulls the Strings": through Sat., July 13. Walter Hampden in "A Successful Calamity": Mon. through Sat., July 15-20. (Westchester Playhouse, Lawrence Farms, Route 117, Mt. Kisco, N.Y. 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Wed.)

Nantucket—Priscilla Newton and Morgan Farley in "American, Very Early": Sun. through Tues., July 14-16. (Nantucket Players, Nantucket, Mass. 8:45.)

New Hope—Haila Stoddard and Ann Andrews in "Yes, My Darling Daughter": through Sat., July 13. Constance Collier and Alan Campbell in "Our Betters": Mon. through Sat., July 15-20. (Bucks County Playhouse, New Hope, Pa. 8:30. Mats. 2:30, Wed. and Fri.)

Newport—Edward Everett Horton in "Springtime for Henry": Tues. through Sat., July 16-20. (Casino Civic Theatre, Newport, R.I. Tues., July 16, at 9 o'clock; other Eves. at 8:30. Mats. 2:30, Thurs.)

Ogunquit—Laurette Taylor and Bramwell Fletcher in "Outward Bound": through Sat., July 13. Cornelia Otis Skinner in "Biography": Mon. through Sat., July 15-20. (Ogunquit Playhouse, Ogunquit, Me. 8:30. Mats. 2:30, Fri.)

Orwigsburg—Lila Lee and James Kirkwood in "Young Sinners": through Sat., July 13. Ann Corio and James Kirkwood in "The Barker": Mon. through Sat., July 15-20. (Kenley Deer Lake Theatre, Orwigsburg, Pa. 8:45. Mats. 2:30, Sat.)

Pawling—"Our Girls," a new play by Conrad Seiler: through Sat., July 13. (Starlight Theatre, Route 22, Pawling, N.Y. 8:40. Mats. at 3, Thurs.)

Princeton—Ina Claire in "Biography": through Sat., July 13. Claudia Morgan in "The Bat": Mon. through Sat., July 15-20. (McCarter Theatre, Princeton, N.J. 8:45. Mats. 2:45, Wed.)

Ridgefield—Gloria Stuart in "The Night of January 16th": through Sat., July 13. Pauline Lord in "The Late Christopher Bean": Mon. through Sat., July 15-20. (New England Playhouse, Ridgefield, Conn. 8:45. Mats. 2:45, Thurs.)

Rye Beach—Alison Skipworth in "Criminal at Large": through Sat., July 13. "Bedtime Story": Tues. through Sat., July 16-20. (Farragut Players, Rye Beach, N.H. 8:30.)

Saratoga Springs—Paul and Grace Hartman in "Tonight at 8:30": through Sat., July 13. "The Hottentot": Mon. through Sat., July 15-20. (Spa Theatre, Saratoga Springs, N.Y. 9 o'clock. Mats. 2:40, Thurs.)

Schenectady—Beulah Bondi in "Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch": Tues. through Sat., July 16-20. (Mohawk Drama Festival, Union College, Schenectady, N.Y. 8:45.)

Skowhegan—Hume Cronyn and Louise Campbell in "Golden Boy": through Sat., July 13. "Children of Today," a new comedy by Frederic and Fanny Hatton: Mon. through Sat., July 15-20. (Lakewood Players, Skowhegan, Me. 8 o'clock. Mats. 2:30, Sat.)

Southampton—"Vote for Youth": through Sat., July 13. (Parrish Memorial Hall, Southampton, L.I. 9 o'clock.)

Spring Lake—Sinclair Lewis in "Angela Is Twenty-two": through Sat., July 13. Rex O'Malley and Imogene Coca in "Tonight at 8:30": Wed. through Sat., July 17-20. (Community Playhouse, Spring Lake, N.J. 8:50. Mats. 2:50, Thurs.)

Stamford—"Criminal at Large": through Sat., July 13. Jessie Royce Landis in "Second Helping," a new play by David Carey: Mon. through Sat., July 15-20. (Stamford Community Playhouse, 45 Prospect St., Stamford, Conn. 8:45.)

Stockbridge—Fred Stone in "Ah, Wilderness!": through Sat., July 13. Francesca Bruning and Tonio Selwart in "Autumn Crocus": Mon. through Sat., July 15-20. (Berkshire Playhouse, Stockbridge, Mass. 8:45. Mats. 2:30, Wed.; extra Mat. Sat., July 13.)

Suffern—Doris Dudley, McKay Morris, and Richard Waring in "Cafeteria," a new play by Leyla

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THIS LISTING COVERS THE TEN DAYS FROM THURSDAY, JULY 11, THROUGH SATURDAY, JULY 20. TIMES GIVEN, INCLUDING THOSE OF TRAINS, ARE DAYLIGHT SAVING.

Georgie: through Sat., July 13. Jean Muir in "The Swan": Mon. through Sat., July 15-20. (County Theatre, Suffern, N.Y. 8:35.)

Westboro—Helen Claire in "Kiss the Boys Goodbye": through Sat., July 13. Frankie Thomas, Jr., in "The Youngest": Mon. through Sat., July 15-20. (Town Hall Playhouse, Westboro, Mass. 8:30. Mats. 2:30, Wed.)

Westport—Jane Cowl in "Captain Brassbound's Conversion": through Sat., July 13. "Green Grow the Lilacs": Mon. through Sat., July 15-20. (Country Playhouse, Westport, Conn. 8:45. Mats. 2:45, Wed.; extra Mat. Sat., July 13.)

White Plains—Grace George in "Kind Lady": through Sat., July 13. Miriam Hopkins in "The Guardsman": Mon. through Sat., July 15-20. (Ridgeway Theatre, White Plains, N.Y. 8:45. Mats. 2:45, Sat.)

Woodstock—Guy Robertson in "You Never Know": Thurs. through Sun., July 11-14. "See My Lawyer": Thurs. through Sun., July 18-21. (Woodstock Playhouse, Woodstock, N.Y. 8:45.)

DINNER, SUPPER, AND DANCING

(A listing of some places where, with a few indicated exceptions, you'll find music or other entertainment. Those in the city may close for one or more nights over the weekend.)

Ambassador Garden, Park at 51 (WI 2-1000)—A green and pleasant retreat, with Larry Siry's orchestra playing for dancing.

Biltmore, Madison at 43 (MU 9-7920)—Alvino Rey and his orchestra provide the music and entertainment on the Roof.

Coq Rouge, 65 E. 56 (PL 3-8887)—An inviting place to try if you want to have a casual good time. Nicki Raymond's orchestra is on hand to help you.

Larue, 45 E. 58 (VO 5-6374)—Plenty of room to dance in agreeably subdued surroundings. Val Ernie's and Eddie Davis's orchestras.

Montparnasse, Madison at 79 (BU 8-2345)—A favorite with uptowners, and downtowners who make the trip seem to like it too. A quintet plays for dancing.

Pierre, 5 Ave. at 61 (RE 4-5900)—Carol Bruce sings at the supper hour in the Café, and there's dancing to music by Bob Knight's orchestra.

Rainbow Room, R.C.A. Bldg. (CI 6-1400)—This skyscraping eyrie has a show which includes George Lloyd and Ray Heatherton's orchestra. . . . Barry Winton's orchestra and Marlynn and Michael perform in the Rainbow Grill.

St. Regis, 5 Ave. at 55 (PL 3-4500)—The Viennese Roof has a small show, with Virginia Morley and Livingston Gearhart, the young pianists. Hal Saunders' orchestra plays for dancing. Formal dress required on the dance floor.

Savoy-Plaza, 5 Ave. at 59 (VO 5-2600)—Hildegarde is singing in the Café Lounge. Emile Petti's orchestra provides the music.

Stork Club, 3 E. 53 (PL 3-1940)—You know, the Stork Club. Ernie Holst's orchestra and a rumba band.

Versailles, 151 E. 50 (PL 8-0310)—A big East Side place, with music by Nicholas D'Amico's orchestra and Panchito's rumba band.

Waldorf-Astoria, Park at 49 (EL 5-3000)—The airy Starlight Roof has a show more or less run by Xavier Cugat, hitherto a rumba specialist, who, in deference to the North American Way, now plays for all kinds of dancing. Mischa Borr's orchestra alternates with Cugat's at the supper hour.

Miscellaneous—At **armando's,** 54 E. 55 (PL 3-0760): a dance floor no bigger than a minute, with music by Frank Mandella's orchestra. . . . **penthouse club,** 30 Central Pk. S. (PL 3-6910): the incidental music is pleasant, and so are the lights of the Park below. No dancing. . . . **warwick,** 65 W. 54 (CI 7-2700): small and secluded, with a mite of a dance floor. . . . **astor roof,** B'way at 44 (CI 6-6000): Tommy Dorsey's orchestra. . . . **new yorker hotel,** 8 Ave. at 34 (ME 3-1000): Larry Clinton's orchestra. . . . **essex house,** 160 Central Pk. S. (CI 7-0300): Al Kavelin's orchestra. No dancing Mon. . . . **pennsylvania roof,** 7 Ave. at 33 (PE 6-5000): Jimmy Dorsey's orchestra. . . . **st. moritz,** 50 Central Pk. S. (WI 2-5800): Eddie Varzos' orchestra. . . . **bossert marine roof,** Montague and Hicks Sts., Brooklyn Heights (MA 4-8100): quite a trip, maybe, but the view of the harbor is fine when you get there; Eddie Lane's orchestra. No dancing Mon. . . . **kit kat club,** 152 E. 55 (EL 5-0543): a Negro show and Connie McLean's band; for late prowlers, this one. . . . **jimmy kelly's,** 181 Sullivan (AL 4-1414): rowdydow fun down in the Village for people who never seem to want to go home.

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Broadway Atmosphere—At the **diamond horseshoe,** 235 W. 46 (CI 6-6500): Gilda Gray, Blanche Ring, and Julian Eltinge in a Billy Rose show. . . . **beachcomber,** B'way at 50 (CI 6-0644): a South Sea setting, with the emphasis all on Zombies; Sonny Kendis's orchestra. . . . **hurricane,** B'way at 49 (CI 6-7147): another tropical place, with Eddie Bush's orchestra. . . . **la conga,** 205 W. 51 (CI 5-8980): Nano Rodrigo's orchestra and a Latin show. . . . **18 club,** 20 W. 52 (EL 5-9858): Jack White's broad humor continues to be the main attraction.

Al-Fresco Dining—With dancing: **claremont inn,** Riverside Dr. at 124 (MO 2-8600); and **tavern-on-the-green,** Central Pk. W. at 67 (BU 8-3954). . . . Without dancing: **chatham walk,** Vanderbilt at 48 (VO 5-5400); **pavillon marguery,** 270 Park, at 47 (WI 2-9000); the Japanese Garden of the **ritz-carlton,** Madison at 46 (PL 3-4600); and the **promenade café,** in the Sunken Plaza, Rockefeller Center (CI 6-5800).

Pure Swing—At the **hickory house,** 144 W. 52 (CI 7-9524): Joe Marsala's orchestra playing for admirers who just sit around the bar admiring. Adele Girard is there, too. . . . **café society,** 2 Sheridan Sq. (CH 2-2737): a Village institution, with Teddy Wilson's band, Hazel Scott, the Golden Gate Quartet, and the boogie-woogie pianists, Johnson and Ammons. Closed Mon. . . . **nick's,** 7 Ave. at 10 (WA 9-9742): Joe Sullivan, Eddie Condon, and Pee Wee Russell are some of the boys in the coöperative band here. . . . **village vanguard,** 178 7 Ave. S., at 11 (CH 2-9355): a casual little cellar place, with, except Tues., Zutty Singleton's Trio and, except Mon., some Calypso singers.

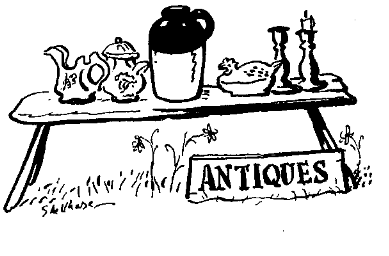
Foreign Flavor—Scandinavian: **castleholm,** 344 W. 57 (CI 7-0873); and **queen mary,** 40 E. 58 (PL 3-2313). . . . Latin: **el chico,** 80 Grove, at Sheridan Sq. (CH 2-4646).

OUT OF TOWN

Dancing at Nearby Places—Ben Riley's **arrowhead inn,** Henry Hudson P'kway, at 246 (Kingsbridge 6-2000): Irving Conn's orchestra. . . . Ben Marden's **riviera,** at the other end of the George Washington Bridge (Ft. Lee 8-2000): Leo Reisman's orchestra, Pancho's rumba band, and a show. . . . **westchester bath club,** 10 Lawn Terrace, Mamaroneck (Mamaroneck 543): Chiquito's rumba band and Jack Towne's orchestra. . . . **glen island casino,** off Shore Rd., New Rochelle (Hamilton 4480): Bobby Byrne's orchestra. . . . **boardwalk café,** Jones Beach, L.I. (Wantagh 1600): Guy Lombardo's orchestra will be replaced by Ozzie Nelson's on Thurs., July 18. Fill-in band Mon. . . . **chanticler,** Millburn and Short Hills Aves., Millburn, N.J. (Millburn 6-1454): George Sterney's orchestra. . . . **meadowbrook,** on Route 23, Cedar Grove, N.J. (Verona 8-9817): Al Donahue's orchestra will be replaced by Cab Calloway's on Thurs., July 18. Closed Mon.

Further Out of Town—At **canoe place inn,** Montauk Highway, Hampton Bays, L.I. (Hampton Bays 150): Lou Lang's orchestra. . . . **new prospect hotel,** Shelter Island Heights, L.I. (Shelter Island 65): Charley Wood's orchestra. . . . **seven ponds inn,** Montauk Highway, Water Mill, L.I. (Water Mill 500): a small orchestra plays for dancing. . . . **guido's sapphire room,** Monmouth County C.C., Eatontown, N.J. (Eatontown 95): Maximillian Bergère's orchestra. . . . The Spanish Grill of the **monmouth hotel,** Spring Lake Beach, N.J. (Spring Lake 330): Walter Feldkamp's orchestra. . . . **perona farm,** Andover, N.J. (Lake Mohawk 9600): Ray Rizzony's orchestra. No dancing Mon. . . . **ross fenton farm,** Deal Lake, North Asbury Park, N.J. (Asbury Park 2074): Joe E. Lewis (through Sat., July 13), Terry Lawlor, and Eddie Oliver's orchestra. . . . **sea bright yacht club,** on Route 36, Sea Bright, N.J. (Sea Bright 82): Ray Morton's orchestra and Maurice and Cordoba.

Note—Wanderers in search of shore dinners out Coney Island way might try **lundy's,** Ocean Ave., Sheepshead Bay (DE 6-9090); **feltman's,** Surf Ave., Coney Island (CO 6-0046); or **villepigue's inn,** Ocean Ave., Sheepshead Bay (SH 3-8000).



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Dinner in the Country—Places to dine (mostly without dancing) while motoring—**bethpage, l.i.:** Beau Séjour (Hicksville 91). . . . **lake success, l.i.:** Lakeville Manor Inn (Great Neck 2790). . . . **south huntington, l.i.:** Round Hill Restaurant, on Jericho Turnpike (Huntington 1371). . . . **amawalk, n.y.:** Benedusi's, on Route 202 (Yorktown 984). . . . **cold spring, n.y.:** Harbor Hill Inn, on Lane Gate Rd., off Route 301 (Cold Spring 975). . . . **new city, n.y.:** French Farms (New City 981). . . . **mt. kisco, n.y.:** Lawrence Farms Inn, on Route 117 (Mt. Kisco 5324). . . . **dover plains, n.y.:** Old Drovers Inn, on Route 22 (Dover Plains 2781). . . . **poundridge, n.y.:** Rainbow Tea House (Bedford Village 616). . . . **sloatsburg, n.y.:** Vailati's, on Route 17, near Tuxedo (Sloatsburg 245). . . . **hawthorne, n.y.:** Valley View Farm, on Old Saw Mill River Rd., near P'kway (Pleasantville 120). . . . **westport, conn.:** Cobb's Mill Inn, on Route 57 (Westport 4330); dancing Wed., Fri., and Sat. Eves. . . . **bridgewater, conn.:** Hilltop Farm (New Milford 830). . . . **ridgefield, conn.:** Outpost Inn, on Route 33 (Ridgefield 882); dancing Fri. and Sat. Eves. . . . **norwalk, conn.:** Silvermine Tavern, Perry and Silvermine Aves. (Norwalk 88). . . . **redding ridge, conn.:** Spinning Wheel (Redding 67). . . . **southport, conn.:** Tide Mill Tavern, off Post Rd. (Fairfield 9-2900). . . . **danbury, conn.:** White Turkey Inn, on Route 7 (Danbury 4548). . . . **alpine, n.j.:** Le Petit Pavillon Royal, on Route 9W (Closter 788). . . . **bernardsville, n.j.:** Old Mill Inn, on Route 32 (Bernardsville 70). . . . **doylestown, pa.:** Water Wheel Tavern, Old Route 611 (Doylestown 7941).

ART

Europeans and Americans—A varied show of modern painters, with the Americans—Hartley, Nordfeldt, Maurer, to name a few—coming out on top: Lilienfeld, 21 E. 57. Mon. through Fri., 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Sept. 28.

French Groups—At the **perls,** 32 E. 58: an attractively contrasted group of works by modern and modern-primitive artists of the Paris school. Mon. through Fri., 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; through Aug. 30. . . . **carstairs,** 11 E. 57: Derain, Dufy, Utrillo, and other moderns. Mon. through Fri., 10 A.M. to 4 P.M.; through July 26. . . . **kraushaar,** 730 5 Ave., at 57: oils by Pissarro, Rouault, and others. Mon. through Fri., 9:30 A.M. to 5 P.M.; through July 26. . . . **passedoit,** 121 E. 57: three little-known contemporaries—Ortiz, Mège, and Boberman—in a sharply differentiated show of oils. Mon. through Fri., 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; through July 31.

Groups—At the **rehn,** 683 5 Ave., at 54: Brook, Mattson, Marsh, and—for old times' sake—a never-before-shown George Bellows. Mon. through Fri., 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; through July 26. . . . **associated american artists',** 711 5 Ave., at 55: Benton, Bohrod, Soyer, and many others in a summer round-up. Mon. through Fri., 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Aug. 13. . . . **midtown,** 605 Madison, at 58: water colors by members of this gallery's group. Mon. through Fri., 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through July 26. . . . **milch,** 108 W. 57: paintings by contemporary Americans. Mon. through Fri., *10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; through Sept. 27.*

Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53—Mexican art from away back right up to the present in a big, varied, but surprisingly coherent show that fills the Museum and overflows into the garden behind it. Orozco has completed his fresco for the Museum and it is now on view. Wed., 10 A.M. to 10 P.M.; other weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; Sun., 12 noon to 6 P.M.; through Sept. 30.

Red Cross Benefit—A handsome, rarely seen Rembrandt and two fine van Goghs head a beautifully selected collection of paintings by Dutch, French, and English masters: Knoedler, 14 E. 57. Daily 9:30 A.M. to 5 P.M.; through July 12.

Rowlandson—Sixty original wash drawings by the eighteenth-century English satirist; for the benefit of the American Theatre Wing of the Allied Relief Fund: Newton, 11 E. 57. Thurs. and Fri., 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; Sat., 10 A.M. to 1 P.M.; through July 13.

Van Gogh—Fourteen paintings from the Netherlands government collection, most of them shown here for the first time; also, an exhibition of Dutch East Indies folk art (Mon. through Fri., 2 to 4 P.M.): Holland House, 10 Rockefeller Plaza. Mon. through Fri., 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; Sat., 10 A.M. to 12 noon; through July 19.

Here and There—At the **clay club,** 4 W. 8: an exhibit of terra-cotta sculptures; a benefit for the Red Cross. Thurs. and Fri., 2 to 5, and 7 to 10 P.M.; Sat., 2 to 5 P.M.; through July 13. . . . **a.c.a.,** 52 W. 8: group show of works by young Americans. Daily 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through July 13. . . . **f.a.r.,** 19 E. 61: colored lithographs by Daumier.

Mon. through Fri., 9 A.M. to 5 P.M.; through July 19.

Out of Town—Some galleries and museums worth visiting while off on vacation trips: **HARTFORD, CONN.,** Wadsworth Athenaeum. Weekdays, except Mon., 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; Sun., 2 to 5 P.M. . . . **NEW HAVEN, CONN.,** Yale University Gallery of Fine Arts. Weekdays, except Mon., 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; Sun., 2 to 6 P.M. . . . **BRUNSWICK, ME.,** Bowdoin College Museum of Fine Arts. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 12 noon, and 2 to 4 P.M.; Sun., 2 to 4 P.M. . . . **ANDOVER, MASS.,** Addison Gallery of American Art. Weekdays 11 A.M. to 5 P.M.; Sun., 2:30 to 5 P.M. . . . **CAMBRIDGE, MASS.,** Fogg Museum. Weekdays 9 A.M. to 4 P.M.; through Aug. 17. . . . **NORTHAMPTON, MASS.,** Smith College Museum of Art. Daily 2:30 to 4:30 P.M. . . . **PITTSFIELD, MASS.,** Berkshire Museum. Weekdays, except Mon., 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; Sun., 2 to 5 P.M. . . . **WORCESTER, MASS.,** Worcester Art Museum. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; Sun., 2 to 5 P.M. . . . **COOPERSTOWN, N.Y.,** New York State Historical Association. Daily 9 A.M. to 6 P.M. . . . **PROVIDENCE, R.I.,** Museum of the Rhode Island School of Design. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; Sun., 2 to 5 P.M.

For fine examples of Early American craftsmanship and folk art: **NEW BEDFORD, MASS.,** Old Dartmouth Historical Society and Whaling Museum. Weekdays, except Mon., 9 A.M. to 5 P.M.; Sun., 2 to 5 P.M. . . . **SALEM, MASS.,** Essex Institute. Weekdays 9 A.M. to 5 P.M. . . . **DOYLESTOWN, PA.,** Bucks County Historical Society Museum. Weekdays 8 A.M. to 5 P.M.; Sun., 1 to 5 P.M.

MUSIC

Stadium Concerts—Philharmonic-Symphony—Smallens conducting, Thurs., July 11, and Mon. through Wed., July 15-17; Weissmann conducting, Fri. through Sun., July 12-14, and Thurs. and Fri., July 18-19; Kurtz conducting, Sat., July 20. Special features: Gershwin program, with Oscar Levant as soloist, July 11; Elsie Houston, July 13; the Ballet Theatre in "Carnaval," "Italian Suite," "Jardin aux Lilas," and "Swan Lake," July 15-16; Ania Dorfman, July 18; Marian Anderson, July 20. At 8:45 P.M. (Lewisohn Stadium, Amsterdam Ave. at 138. AU 3-3400. Downtown ticket office: Steinway Hall, 113 W. 57. CI 7-5534.)

Goldman Band—At Central Park Mall, Mon., Wed., Fri., and Sun. Eves., at 8:30; Prospect Park, Brooklyn, Tues., Thurs., and Sat. Eves., at 8:30.

Out of Town—Chamber-music concerts by the Gordon String Quartet: The Hall, Music Mountain, Falls Village, Conn., Sun. Afts., at 4. . . . The Colony Opera Guild presenting "The Pirates of Penzance": Barn Theatre, on the estate of Mrs. Charles S. Peabody; Bolton Rd., Bolton Landing, N.Y., Fri. Eve., July 19, at 8:45.

SPORTS

Baseball—Games Sat. and Sun. at 3 P.M.; other days at 3:15 P.M.—At Yankee Stadium: Yankees vs. St. Louis, Thurs. through Sat., July 11-13; Yankees vs. Chicago, Sun. through Tues., July 14-16; Yankees vs. Cleveland, Wed. through Fri., July 17-19; Yankees vs. Detroit, Sat., July 20.

Boxing—Polo Grounds, Wed. Eve., July 17: Lew Jenkins vs. Henry Armstrong; preliminaries at 8:30, main match (12 rounds) at about 10.

Flying—National Gliding and Soaring Contest, Elmira, N.Y., daily through Sun., July 14.

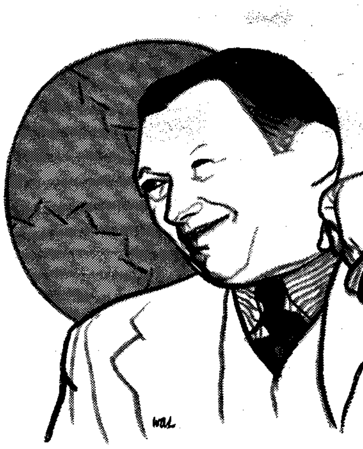
Golf—New Jersey Open, Plainfield C.C., Plainfield, Thurs. through Sat., July 11-13. . . . New York State Junior Championship, Sleepy Hollow C.C., Scarborough, daily through Sat., July 13. . . . Sweetser Victory Tournament, Sunningdale C.C., Scarsdale, Fri. and Sat., July 12-13. . . . Long Island Open, Inwood C.C., Inwood, Mon. through Thurs., July 15-18. . . . Women's Four Ball Foursome Tournament, North Hempstead C.C., Port Washington, Tues. through Fri., July 16-19. . . . New Jersey Junior Championship, Canoe Brook C.C., Summit, Wed. through Fri., July 17-19.

Horse Shows—Country Club Show, Westchester C.C., Rye, Thurs. through Sat., July 11-13, at 1 and 8 P.M., and Sat., July 13, at 9 A.M. . . . Monmouth County, Rumson, N.J., Thurs. and Fri., July 18-19, at 1:30 and 8:30 P.M., and Sat., July 20, at 9:30 A.M. and 1:30 P.M.

Polo—Red Cross benefit match, with top-ranking players, International Field, Meadow Brook Club, Westbury; Sun. Aft., July 14, at 3:30. (Special train will leave Penn Station at 2:15 P.M.) . . . National Twenty Goal Championship, Schiff Field, Roslyn, L.I., starts Sat. Aft., July 20, at 3:30. . . . Championship games at the Meadow Brook Club, Westbury; Thurs. Aft., July 11, at 5, and Sat. Aft., July 13, at 3:30.

Racing—Weekdays at Empire City, at 2:15 P.M.; through July 27. The Empire City Handicap, July 13. (Special trains leave Grand Central weekdays at 1:05 and 1:30 P.M.)

Tennis—Eastern Slope Championships, North Conway, N.H., daily through Sat., July 13. . . . Women's Middle States Championships, Philadelphia Cricket Club, Philadelphia, daily through Sat., July 13. . . . New York State Clay Court Championships, Seminole Club, Forest Hills, daily through Sun., July 14. . . . Invitation Tournament, Spring Lake, N.J., daily through Tues., July 16. . . . Eastern Clay Court Championships, Jackson Heights T.C., Jackson Heights, Sat., July 13, through Sun., July 21. . . . Invitation Tournament, Lake Placid Club, Lake Placid, Mon. through Sat., July 15-20. . . . Invitation Tournament, Maidstone Club, East Hampton, Sat. and Sun., July 20-21.



LELAND STANFORD MACPHAIL,

president of the Brooklyn Dodgers, who seem on their way to winning their first pennant in twenty years, much to everyone's surprise. MacPhail is forty-nine, red-headed, and freckled. He hails from Detroit, and attended three colleges. One of the few failures of his life came just after the armistice, when he and several other members of the A.E.F. tried to capture the Kaiser at Doorn. He resides at 1 Beekman Place, Manhattan, and has never lived in Brooklyn, a subject upon which he is so sensitive that he once threw a man out of his office for mentioning it in conversation.

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Trotting—Grand Circuit, Historic Track, Goshen, N.Y., Mon. through Fri., July 15-19, at 2 P.M.

Yachting—Annual Long Distance Snipe Race, Cedar Point Y.C., Westport, Conn., Sat. and Sun., July 13-14. . . . Larchmont Y.C. Race Week, Sat., July 13, through Sat., July 20.

OTHER EVENTS

Democratic National Convention—Opens in the Chicago Stadium in Chicago on Mon., July 15.

Greenwich Village Fair—This year's event, sponsored by several relief organizations, is for the benefit of refugee children: Washington Square S., at Thompson St., daily from 2 P.M. to midnight, through Sat., July 13.

Figure-Skating Operetta—"The Pirates of Penzance," presented by the Colony Opera Guild and the Skating Colony of Lake Placid: Olympic Arena, Lake Placid, N.Y., Sat. Eve., July 13, at 8:15.

ON THE AIR

Racing—The Empire City Handicap: Sat. Aft., July 13, at 4:30, WHN, WJZ.

Democratic National Convention—Senator Bankhead's keynote address, Mon. Eve., July 15, at 10:30, WABC, WEAF, WOR. For other important addresses and ballot-by-ballot reports you'd better consult your daily newspaper.

Boxing—Lew Jenkins vs. Henry Armstrong: Wed. Eve., July 17, at 10, WJZ.

News Commentators—H. V. Kaltenborn, Sun. Afts. at 3:45, and Wed. and Sat. Eves. at 7:45, WEAF. . . . Edwin C. Hill, Mon. through Fri. Eves. at 6:05, WABC. . . . Lowell Thomas, Mon. through Fri. Eves. at 6:45, WJZ. . . . Quincy Howe, Mon., Wed., and Thurs. Eves. at 9, WQXR. . . . Raymond Gram Swing, Mon. through Fri. Eves. at 10, WOR.

News broadcasts from abroad: weekdays at 6:45 and 10:30 P.M., WABC; Mon. through Fri. at 7:15 P.M., WEAF; Sun. at 7 P.M., WJZ and WABC.

MOTION PICTURES

All This, and Heaven Too—The screen version of Rachel Field's novel of a murder case that once shocked Paris, with Bette Davis, Barbara O'Neill, and Charles Boyer. One of the big, ambitious films of the summer. (Radio City Music Hall, 6 Ave. at 50.)

The Baker's Wife—A racy French item, with a great deal of charm, about a peasant (Raimu) who has wife trouble. (World, 153 W. 49.)

The Ghost Breakers—A comic thriller, with Bob Hope and Paulette Goddard, that will remind you of "The Cat and the Canary." Lively. (Paramount, B'way at 43.)

Gone with the Wind—This is still going strong, and seems essential to the culture of many groups. (Astor, B'way at 45. . . . Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57.)

My Favorite Wife—Marriage and its comic side, with Irene Dunne and Cary Grant. A funny picture. (Colonial, B'way at 62; Thurs. through Mon., July 11-15. . . . Rio, B'way at 160; Tues. through Thurs., July 16-18. . . . 8th Street Playhouse, 52 W. 8; starting Tues., July 16. . . . Loew's 42nd Street, Lexington at 42; Wed. and Thurs., July 17-18.)

Rebecca—Alfred Hitchcock's first American movie, a rich, successful adaptation of Daphne du Maurier's best-seller, with Joan Fontaine, Laurence Olivier, and Judith Anderson. (Trans-Lux 85th Street, Madison at 85; through Fri., July 12. . . . 68th Street Playhouse, 3 Ave. at 68; and Colony, 2 Ave. at 79; Thurs. through Mon., July 11-15. . . . Carlton, B'way at 100; Thurs. through Wed., July 11-17. . . . Trans-Lux 52nd Street, Lexington at 52; Sat. through Mon., July 13-15.)

Susan and God—A satirical comedy about a *Social Register* type that gets religion. With Joan Crawford and Fredric March. (Capitol, B'way at 51; opening Thurs., July 11.)

Torrid Zone—Ann Sheridan, Cagney, O'Brien, banana-pickers and bandits, and the wilds of South America. On the tough side. (Loew's 42nd Street, Lexington at 42; and Rio, B'way at 160; Thurs., July 11. . . . Loew's 86th Street, 3 Ave. at 86; Thurs. and Fri., July 11-12. . . . 8th Street Playhouse, 52 W. 8; through Sat., July 13. . . . Beacon, B'way at 75; Thurs. through Mon., July 11-15.)

REVIVALS

The Adventures of Chico (1938)—Central American wild life. (5th Avenue Playhouse, 5 Ave. at 12; Fri. and Sat., July 12-13.)

Beloved Enemy (1936)—Merle Oberon and Brian Aherne. (Terrace, 9 Ave. at 23; Sun. and Mon., July 14-15.)

The Citadel (1938)—Rosalind Russell and Robert Donat. (5th Avenue Playhouse, 5 Ave. at 12; Wed. and Thurs., July 17-18.)

Craig's Wife (1936)—Rosalind Russell and John Boles. (8th Street Playhouse, 52 W. 8; Sun. and Mon., July 14-15.)

The Man on the Flying Trapeze (1935)—With W. C. Fields. (Alden, B'way at 67; Tues. and Wed., July 16-17.)

The Man Who Knew Too Much (1935)—Edna Best, Peter Lorre, and Nova Pilbeam. (Thalia, B'way at 95; Tues. through Thurs., July 16-18.)

Mayerling (1937)—French, with Danielle Darrieux and Charles Boyer. (55th Street Playhouse, 154 W. 55.)

Of Human Bondage (1934)—Bette Davis and Leslie Howard. (5th Avenue Playhouse, 5 Ave. at 12; Sun. through Tues., July 14-16.)

Pygmalion (1938)—Wendy Hiller and Leslie Howard. (68th Street Playhouse, 3 Ave. at 68; Tues. through Thurs., July 16-18.)

The Scarlet Pimpernel (1935)—Merle Oberon and Leslie Howard. (Normandie, Park at 53; Wed. and Thurs., July 17-18.)

Secret Agent (1936)—Madeleine Carroll, John Gielgud, and Peter Lorre. (5th Avenue Playhouse, 5 Ave. at 12; Thurs., July 11.)

She Married Her Boss (1935)—With Claudette Colbert. (Alden, B'way at 67; Thurs. through Sat., July 11-13.)

The 39 Steps (1935)—Madeleine Carroll and Robert Donat. (Alden, B'way at 67; Sun. and Mon., July 14-15.)

The Woman Alone (1937)—With Sylvia Sidney. (5th Avenue Playhouse, 5 Ave. at 12; Thurs., July 11.)

You're Telling Me (1934)—With W. C. Fields. (Colony, 2 Ave. at 79; Tues. and Wed., July 16-17.)

Note—The Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53, is showing the following Douglas Fairbanks films weekdays at 4 P.M., and Sun. at 2 and 4 P.M.: "Manhattan Madness" and "Wild and Woolly," Thurs., July 11, and Sat., July 20. "When the Clouds Roll By" and "The Nut," Fri., July 12. "The Mark of Zorro," Sat., July 13. "The Three Musketeers," Sun., July 14. "Robin Hood," Mon., July 15. "The Thief of Bagdad," Tues., July 16. "The Black Pirate," Wed., July 17. "Around the World in Eighty Minutes," Thurs., July 18. Excerpts from "The Lamb," "The Mollycoddle," "Say, Young Fellow," "Knickerbocker Buckaroo," "A Modern Musketeer," "Don Q," and "The Taming of the Shrew," Fri., July 19.

THE WORLD'S FAIR

NEW YORK WORLD'S FAIR

A SELECTIVE GUIDE FOR THE INDULGENT FAIRGOER

A CODE LETTER, CORRESPONDING TO ONE ON THE MAP BELOW, INDICATES THE SECTION OF THE FAIR IN WHICH EACH PLACE MENTIONED IS TO BE FOUND. THIS LISTING COVERS THE PERIOD FROM THURSDAY, JULY 11, THROUGH WEDNESDAY, JULY 17.

GENERAL INFORMATION

Gates open daily at 9 A.M. Admission: adults, 50 cents; children, 25 cents. Most shows in the exhibit, transportation, and foreign-federal areas open at 10 A.M. and close at 10 P.M., but some restaurants and bars there stay open later if trade warrants. Amusement area perks up in the late afternoon and keeps going until 2 A.M. . . . Fountain and fireworks displays nightly on the Lagoon at 9:15, on Liberty Lake at 10. . . . The places you most want to see are almost sure to be crowded, at least in good weather.

TRANSPORTATION

BY RAIL—The **L.I.R.R.**: the fastest way to get there. Daily shuttle service to exhibit-area gate. Trains every 10 or 15 minutes, 9 A.M. to 9:45 P.M., from Tracks 15 and 16, Penn. Station (L.I. side). From the Fair, trains every 15 or 20 minutes; last train leaves at 2:58 A.M. A 10- or 15-minute run. . . . **INDEPENDENT SUBWAY**: best for amusement area. Take Queens train marked "E" to Continental Ave. station, cross platform, board train marked "GG." A half-hour trip from midtown Manhattan. . . . **I.R.T.** and **B.-M.T.**: Flushing trains stop at exhibit-area gate.

BY AUTO—Cars not admitted to Fair. Parking lots, a short bus ride from gates, 25 cents a day. Triborough Bridge is pleasantest route from midtown Manhattan.

BY BUS—Double-decker Fifth Avenue bus (No. 15) starts at 25th St., turns East on 57th St., and crosses the Queensboro Bridge, providing a slow but reasonably comfortable trip to the transportation-area gate.

AT THE FAIR—Roller and motor chairs with guides may be hired. Buses and tractor-pulled trains of open coaches have regular routes about the grounds. Ferries operate across the lake to the Florida Building (I) from the docks near Heineken's (H) and American Jubilee (K).

ATTRACTIONS OF NOTE

(Be prepared for last-minute changes in programs and schedules.)

MORE OR LESS SERIOUS

FORD (G)—Once an hour, the Ballet Caravan puts on a gay little sketch suggesting that Mr. Ford, among others, has set the horse free. By day, a flock of tractors goes through a lively drill in a field outside and winds up by tilling the soil in earnest.

GARDENS ON PARADE (A)—Seasonal flowers in the gardens, and cut flowers, too. Admission, 25 cents.

GENERAL MOTORS (F)—The queues of visitors waiting to see the Futurama on crowded days are a sight in themselves. Your chances of getting in, if you want to take a look at this year's refurbished version, are best on weekdays. Opens at 9 A.M.

HOUSE OF JEWELS (C)—It's wise to tackle this at off hours, too. Quantities of precious stones displayed to make the most of their costly glitter and glamour. Opens at 11 A.M., closes at 9 P.M.

MASTERPIECES OF ART (C)—A show of some 400 canvases, ranging from the sixteenth to the twentieth centuries. Perhaps not quite what it was last year, but still good. Admission: 50 cents weekdays, 25 cents Sun.

RAILROADS (F)—"Railroads on Parade," a historical pageant with real locomotives and Kurt Weill music, is shown daily at 11:30 A.M. and 1:30, 3:30, and 5:30 P.M. Admission, 25 and 55 cents. . . . "Railroads in Action," a thirty-minute show of model trains, runs continuously from 10:15 A.M. to 8:15 P.M.

TELEPHONES (C)—Somebody's always winning a free phone call to the folks back home, and everybody's invited to taste the joys of a party wire by listening in. Then, too, there's the Voder, the machine that talks like a man.

TRYLON AND PERISPHERE—Inside the great sphere you get a rosy picture of the way we may, or may not, be living a few years hence. Admission, 25 cents.

WORLD OF FASHION (D)—A handsome display of fashions and feminine accessories arranged by some of the leading shops and designers in these parts. A fashion show, with models appearing in the latest gowns, is presented weekdays at 4:30 and 8 P.M.

OTHERS OF INTEREST—At **AMERICA AT HOME** (C): a theatrical arrangement of model interiors, from which you may pick up some useful pointers. . . . **AMERICAN ART TODAY** (A): a lively WPA exhibit of paintings, sculptures, prints, and folk art, with artists on hand to show you how they work. . . . **AVIATION** (G): up-to-the-minute fighting planes. . . . **BORDEN'S** (D): cows without a care on their minds. . . . **CHRYSLER** (F): a talking car full of wisecracks, and an apparently three-dimensional movie of how a Plymouth is put together. . . . **CONSOLIDATED EDISON** (D): a diorama of the city, with trains in action and everything. . . . **DU PONT** (D): studious young men demonstrating how the test tube has created such things as nylon. . . . **ELECTRIC UTILITIES** (E): New York in its gaslit days. . . . **ELECTRIFIED FARM** (A): just that. . . . **FIRESTONE** (G): turning out tires on a real production line, and a menagerie of wild animals well displayed in a jungle setting. . . . **GENERAL ELECTRIC** (E): an artificial bolt of lightning that seems terrifyingly real; next door, calmer electrical tricks. . . . **GLASS CENTER** (D): glass-blowers blowing glass. . . . **GOODRICH** (F): daredevil driving, with a cast that includes two ladies; shows Mon. through Fri. at 11 A.M., noon, and 2, 4, 6, and 7 P.M.; Sat. and Sun. every hour from 11 A.M. to 7 P.M. . . . **HALL OF INVENTIONS** (D): the original models of what the bright minds of the nineteenth century thought up for the Patent Office. . . . **KODAK** (D): colored photographs impressively enlarged on several screens all at the same time. . . . **PETROLEUM** (D): if there's oil under Flushing, the full-sized derrick, endlessly drilling here, will surely find it. . . . **R.C.A.** (C): what's going on in television. . . . **STAMP EXHIBIT**, in the British Building (A): an unusual assortment that was to have been exhibited in London this summer to commemorate the one-hundredth anniversary of the stick-on stamp. . . . **WESTINGHOUSE** (E): a flash of light killing the denizens of a drop of water in a show now called the Microblitzkrieg. . . . **ZOOLOGICAL WONDERS** (H): in addition to a panda, an electric eel, and a colony of penguins, there's Mr. Beebe's old bathysphere.

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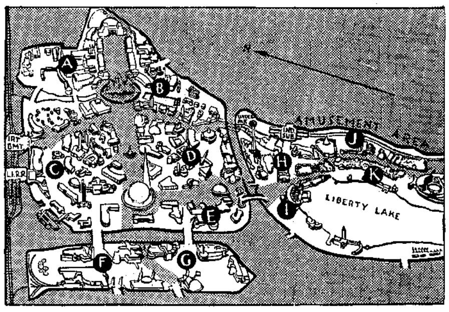
FOREIGN BUILDINGS—All are in the foreign-federal area (A and B) unless otherwise noted. There are fewer of them this year, but among the attractive ones still open are those of France, Great Britain, Italy, Poland, Finland, and Brazil. The pavilions of Czecho-Slovakia, Denmark, and Sweden (D) are run by sympathetic private groups. As before, many of the buildings have restful gardens and attractive bars.

STATE EXHIBITS—Most of these are top-heavy with statistics, but Florida's (I) has an attractive beach on the lake front and an attractive interior, too. New York's (I) offers some rare historical documents, and the New England group (B) shows a full-rigged ship, which children like to clamber over.



THAT GREAT WHITE WAY

AMERICAN JUBILEE (K)—A huge and rather heavy-handed historical pageant, with plenty of songs by Oscar Hammerstein II and Arthur Schwartz. Lucy Monroe, Ray Middleton, and Paul Haakon head the cast. Daily at 5:30, 8:30, and 10:45 P.M.; extra show Sat. and Sun. at 3:30 P.M.

AQUACADE (I)—Billy Rose has made some changes in his song-and-water hit of last year, but the general pattern remains the same and it's still one of the Fair's best shows. Eleanor Holm is back, and among the other performers are Buster Crabbe, Everett Marshall, and Vincent Lopez's orchestra. Daily at 3, 5, 8:30, and 10:45 P.M.

GAY NEW ORLEANS (H)—Michael Todd's sprawling arrangement of restaurants, bars, and an outdoor platform on which Negro and white revues, handsomely staged by Hassard Short, alternate almost continuously.

THE STREETS OF PARIS (H)—Gypsy Rose Lee stripping, frankly and amusingly, in the Fair's big Music Hall. Mon. through Fri. at 5, 8:45, and 10:30 P.M.; Sat. and Sun. at 3:30, 5:30, 8:30, and 10:30 P.M.

ZOMBIE (J)—Music and drinks in a tropical setting—a sidekick of the Beachcomber on Broadway. John Kirby's orchestra and a rumba band.

SOME OTHER PLACES—At **BARBARY COAST** (J): Kay Parsons and some singing waiters leading the customers in harmonizing, more or less, on the old chestnuts. . . . **DANCING CAMPUS** (I): an outdoor dance floor for the antic young and those who like to ape or watch them; dancing from about 6 P.M. on. . . . **JUNGLELAND** (J): an excellent zoo, plenty of trained-animal acts in a tent, and elephants to ride upon. . . . **MIDGET TOWN** (H): Morris Gest's troupe of small folk in a miniature village. . . . **ODDITORIUM** (K): Ripley's "Believe It or Not" collection of strange people. . . . **PARACHUTE JUMP** (H): they drop you twenty floors, and once you start going up you can't change your mind. . . . **WALL OF DEATH** (K): hair-raising stunts by motorcyclists on the vertical walls of a motordrome. . . . **WINTER WONDERLAND** (J): a show done on skates, skis, and toboggans; frequent performances during the late afternoon and evening.

RESTAURANTS

(This is a list of some eating places at the Fair which, for one reason or another—frequently the setting—seem to call for special notice, but there are many others equally satisfactory. The service at any of them may be sketchy during hours when they're crowded.)

BALLANTINE'S (H): the veteran of the amusement area, providing food without too many frills and offering a new outdoor bar. . . . **BELGIAN BUILDING** (B): an awninged terrace, with one of the best views of the Lagoon show. . . . **BRAZILIAN BUILDING** (A): lilting music most of the time and dancing at dinner. . . . **FRENCH BUILDING** (A): excellent à-la-carte meals in a truly de-luxe setting. . . . **GARDENS ON PARADE** (A): simple, satisfying fare in a shaded outdoor setting, and, because there's an admission fee, less likely to be crowded. . . . **HEINEKEN'S** (H): Dutch cooking, but, unfortunately, no more Holland beer. . . . **HUNGARIAN PAVILION** (A): you can get goulash at the standup bar or retire to the restaurant upstairs for a greater variety of those good paprika dishes. . . . **IRAQ PAVILION** (A): the Bagdad Restaurant, serving the kind of food that makes the Arabs strong. . . . **MCGINNIS** (C): sea food and charcoal-broiled steaks in rambling, informal surroundings. . . . **NORWEGIAN BUILDING** (B): you won't want to miss the *smörgåsbord* here. . . . **PABST** (K): a lakeside, tree-shaded setting gives this modest beer garden a lift. . . . **POLISH BUILDING** (A): they haven't much left in the way of supplies from the home country, but the cooking's just as good as it ever was. . . . **PONCE DE LEON PATIO** (I): real Spanish dishes served against the Florida Building's tropical background. . . . **RUBY FOO'S LAMA TEMPLE** (J): you ought to like Chinese cooking in this setting even if you never liked it before. . . . **RUMANIA** (B): reasonably good fare in a charming restaurant and garden. . . . **SWEDISH BUILDING** (D): snacks in a large, shady courtyard and more substantial meals in the restaurant nearby. . . . **SWISS BUILDING** (A): gaily informal, either indoors or out under the maples. . . . **WASHINGTON HALL** (K): the screened veranda overlooking the lake has a more leisurely and Continental air about it than you'd perhaps expect to find in the amusement area.

The following are also recommended: British Buttery (A), Childs (F), Czecho-Slovakian Pavilion (B), Finnish Pavilion (A), Gay New Orleans (H), Schaefer Center (D), Turf-Trylon Restaurant (C), Winter Wonderland (J), and World of Fashion (D).

MAKE MINE RUPPERT
YOU COULDN'T ASK FOR BETTER BEER
RUPPERT BEER

Light! Refreshing! Thirst-quenching! Brewed according to the famous "Old Knickerbocker" formula. Have you tried it recently? On draught—in bottles or cans wherever good beer is sold.

RUPPERT

"Old Knickerbocker"

TUNE IN Stan Lomax Ruppert Sport Review Tuesday, Thursday, Saturday 7 P.M. WOR

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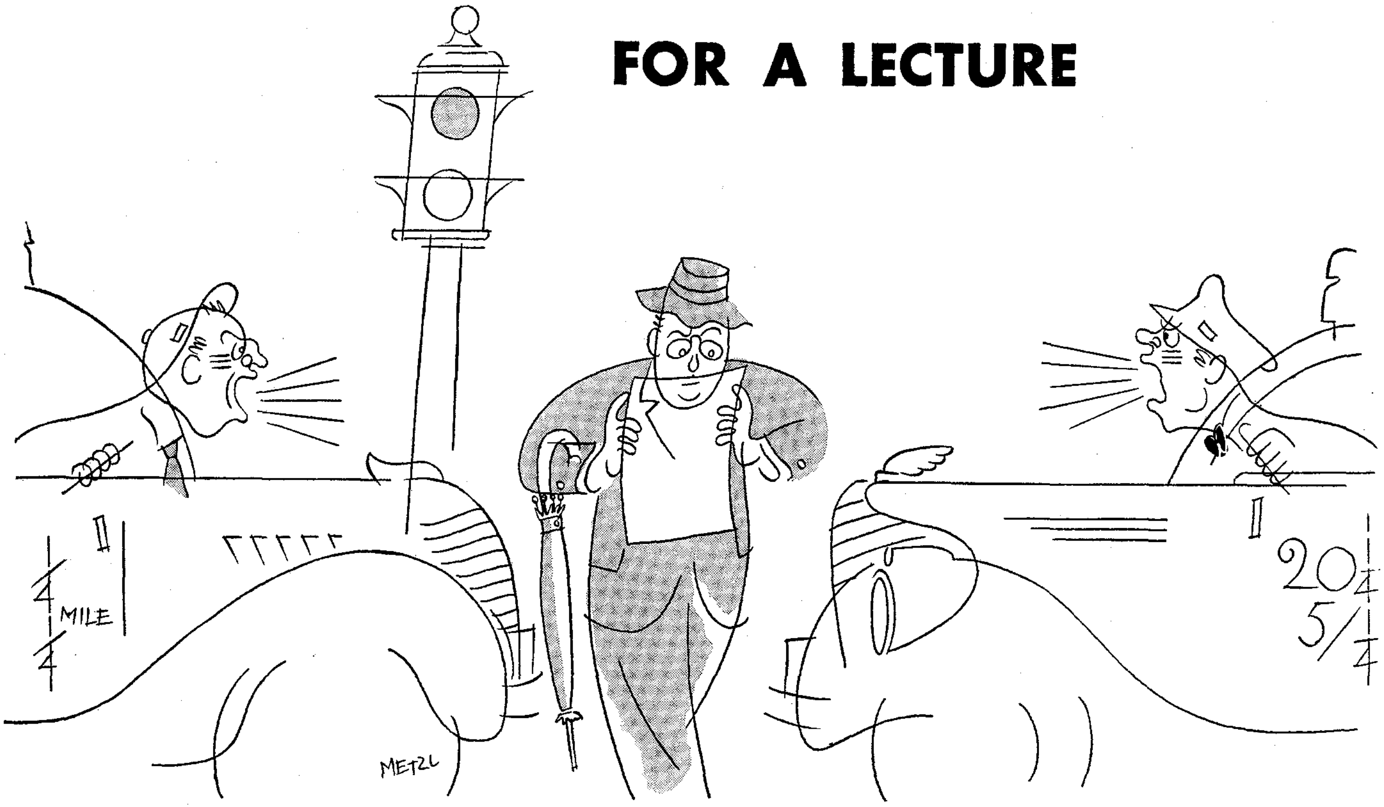
PROF. WHACKPOT PREPARES FOR A LECTURE



Just a minute, Professor! You are stopping traffic! Don't you care if you get run over?

"Er—ah—what's that you say?"

We said you are crossing a busy street with the lights against you. A taxi just missed you by an eyelash. Drivers are asking why you don't look where you're going. You ought to be more careful.

"Well, well, upon my soul. How stupid of me. I do believe I'm getting absent-minded. I was thinking about a lecture."

That's quite all right, Professor. You may be absent-minded now and then, but who isn't? Some of the smartest people we know. They get thinking hard about something and are simply oblivious to everything else. Take such an everyday thing as advertising, for instance. If you have a lecture on your mind, you can turn the pages of a newspaper or a magazine absently without even seeing the advertisements there —just as you never noticed that red light.

As a matter of fact, Professor, it's a problem that advertisers can't dodge. They know they can't sell anyone unless he'll pay attention.

"Well, er, what can they do about it, if I may inquire?"

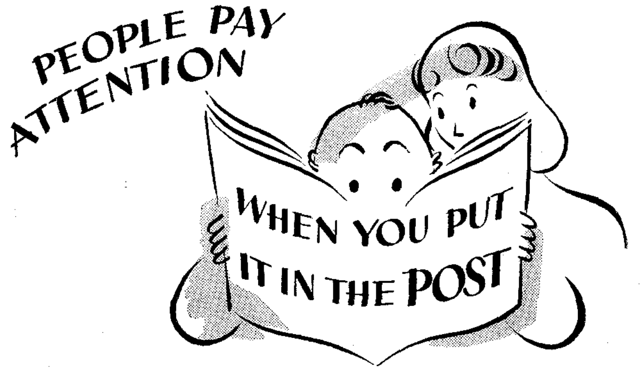
Glad you brought that up, Professor. An advertiser's only way out is to put his advertising in some place where people say they *like* to read advertising. Then he can be sure of getting their attention.

"Is there such a place?"

If you were in the advertising business, Professor, you wouldn't ask such a question. Advertising men all know that whenever the public is asked "In what magazine do you pay the most attention to advertising?" the overwhelming majority always answers:

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

That's why advertisers invest more money in The Saturday Evening Post than in any other magazine in the world. They concentrate in the magazine where people concentrate on advertising.

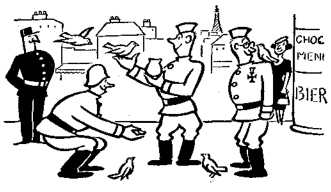

PEOPLE PAY ATTENTION
WHEN YOU PUT IT IN THE POST

THE NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

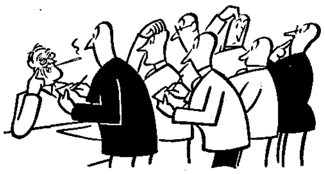
Notes and Comment

THE lights of Europe may be going out one by one, but the gaiety and sunshine in the conquered territories, as reflected by the dispatches that reach us via Moscow and Berlin, have never been brighter. The love and kisses that greeted the Soviet troops in the invaded countries along the Baltic were, according to Tass, even more hearty in Bessarabia and Bukovina. The smiles that greeted the Nazis when they closed in on Vienna and Prague were repeated smile for smile in Paris. "The Paris parks," said a wireless to the *Times* via the Berlin censor, "are rapidly assuming their pre-war aspect. They are again filled with children rolling their hoops and disembowelling sandbags to make forts or mud pies." Adults, putting away foolish regrets for a lost cause and for the thousands of dead or missing, have only good will for the men who machine-gunned them down the roads a few weeks ago. "All this sometimes leads to drinking of toasts to peace and recovery in sparkling *mousseux* wine with the Germans standing treat," the wireless said. Along the boulevards and in the Tuileries the boys of the *Panzer* divisions coo at the pigeons that alight, trustingly, on their hands. "They made an effective picture," said the wireless report, "that might have been snapped by a candid-camera fan as an apotheosis of peace." The notes of gloom are there, but they seem unimportant—the shattered homes in the suburbs, the closed butcher shops, the prompt and simple punishment of anyone caught spreading or receiving "anti-German news." On the whole, it is a charming picture, with nothing being disembowelled but sandbags. As the war shifts from this to that area throughout the summer, we see a wave of geniality sweeping over all Europe until every nation will be as full of cheer as a sunny nursery. A kiss for Igor, a smile for Fritz, and mud pies for all.



PUGILISTICALLY, it was an interesting week. Tony Galento, the humorist, having survived an encounter with a flying beer glass, had considerably less success with Max Baer, another humorist. Jack Dempsey, who used to take his fighting seriously, caused an unknown wrestler with whom he had supposedly been having personal difficulties to fall out of a ring and hit his head on a photographer's case, damaging the head. Gene Tunney, imbued with the truculent spirit, climbed into a plane and flew to Lake Geneva, Wisconsin, there to take a few pokes at the American Youth Congress. Somehow in the midst of all this activity we felt that Galento came out on top. Baer has merely the dismal prospect of facing Joe Louis, whose fists are more effective than a whole case of beer. Dempsey has probably succeeded only in embarrassing a great many fathers who have been telling their sons what the great Manassa Mauler could have done to the present crop of heavyweights. Tunney, the lone living example for American youth of a peaceful, literary ex-champ, has been rushing from one battlefield to another, having thrown his weight hard for Wendell Willkie at Philadelphia prior to his Midwestern excursion. Galento, on the other hand, has only proved, to his financial betterment, his own frequently voiced theory that there can be a marked similarity between a prizefighter and a bum.

AT the time this is written, the great mystery remains unsolved; the President's secret is still his own. By the time it is printed, however, it is quite possible that he will have told the nation whether or not he intends to try for a third term. In a way, we will be sorry, because the situation has given us a lot of innocent pleasure from time to time. We have enjoyed the desperate contortions required of Republican commentators, like Mark Sullivan, who have proved beyond any possible doubt that Mr. Roosevelt didn't plan to run again, that he had every intention of running again, that he couldn't get the nomination if he wanted it, that he could get the nomination but couldn't be elected, that it was fortunate Mr. Willkie was the Republican candidate because the President could beat anybody else in a walk, that the President couldn't beat any Republican candidate, including Hamilton Fish, and many other things, clearly and finally proved today, just as clearly and finally disproved tomorrow. We have also admired the ingenious questions put by the reporters at press conferences and the careless ease with which they have been parried by the man behind the desk. Altogether it has been one of the finest guessing games in history and, as we say, we're sorry it has to end. We have a feeling that Mr. Roosevelt is rather sorry, too. It is not often that one man gets an opportunity to keep a hundred million in such exasperated suspense. It is probably just about the only fun he's had out of the job in the past two years.



INTIMATIONS OF WAR DEPARTMENT (Sartorial Division): Washington Tremlett, Ltd., a London firm of haberdashers whose representative paid his annual visit to this country as usual last winter, has sent out its bills with a printed letterhead, instead of an engraved one, for the first time within the memory of its customers. Brooks Brothers, in the latest issue of *Brooks Illustrated,* an advertising booklet they publish several times a year, state flatly, "Great Britain is at war." The booklet explains that the store is doing its best to keep up the incoming flow of Peal shoes, Lock hats, etc. "When there is delay," it says, "we regret it, but all who could wait have been served and we hope the patience of our good customers will not be tried too far." To this we say amen. Let all good Brooks customers set an example of patience and fortitude in these difficult times; Tripler and De Pinna men will follow, and before you can say Adolf Schicklgruber, Welch Margetson collars will be coming in promptly, Lock hats will adorn every head, and there will be two Spitalfields ties around every throat.

Revenge

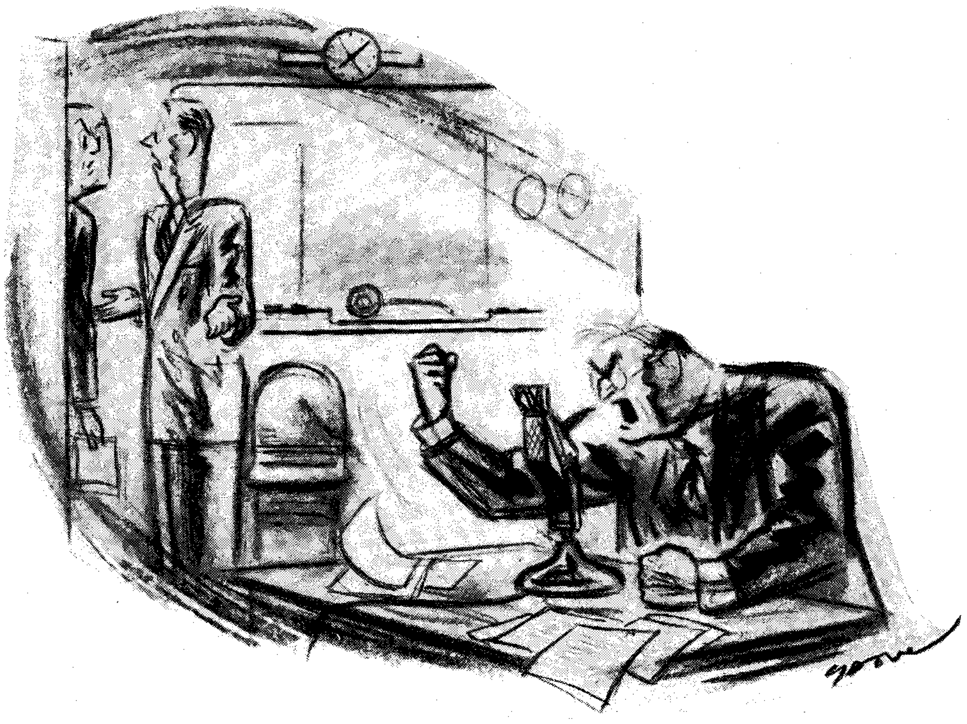
ONE of those incredible dreams-come-true things happened recently to a man we know. He was bowling along a Long Island highway in his automobile when a prowl car with two cops in it hurtled through an intersection, passing a red light, and almost smashed him. When the squeal of brake linings had died down, one of the cops leaned out and said gruffly, "Go along, Jack." "The hell I will," the citizen said, and continued firmly, "Pull over to the curb, you!" He had to repeat the command before the cops finally obeyed. The man then got out of his car, put his foot on the running board of the prowl car, and gave the cops a little lecture. "Now, I know you men weren't on any emergency call, because your siren wasn't on," he said. "I won't ask to see your licence and identification, because you look dumb enough to be real cops." At this point, one of the cops feebly asked, "Who are you?" "Never mind who I am. Right now I'm just a citizen," the man said, giving the impression that at other times he was at least a circuit judge. Then he turned to the cop who wasn't driving and said, "Write your friend a ticket." He stayed until the cop hauled out a pencil and pad, then got in his car and drove off, pausing only to yell, "And see that it doesn't happen again!" Seems there's still some happiness to be found in this world, after all.

Pavilion in Crates

IF some ill-informed visitor to the World's Fair should accost you with the question "Where is the Russian Pavilion, please?" the proper answer would be "Over on the pier at the foot of Sixth Street, Hoboken, in five thousand-odd crates." Last December, when Russia announced that she would not participate in the 1940 Fair, it was given out that the Pavilion, easily the grandest single structure on the Fair grounds, would be shipped back to the ould counthry. This much is newspaper-file history, but we can't recall having seen in print the further adventures of the Pavilion. Well, the Soviet Fair Commission awarded the dismantling job to the Albert A. Volk Company, which has many contracts to take down Fair structures. The building and contents, including the section of the Moscow subway and the huge, stainless-steel statue of a Russian worker, were crated, piece by piece, and turned over to the Motor Haulage Corporation, official carriers for the Fair, which took them by truck to the banks of the Flushing River, and thence, by lighter, to the pier. The crates were all addressed, rather bleakly, "Red Square, Moscow, U.S.S.R." As things turned out, however, only a couple of them ever got nearer the Red Square than Hoboken.

The idea was that the crates, which would just about make two full shiploads, would be taken by Russian freighters through the Panama Canal to Vladivostok and from there by rail to Moscow. The building and exhibits came into the country under customs bond and with the understanding that they would be returned aboard Russian vessels. A Russian freighter, the Rodina, showed up in March and the United States Customs, which had been maintaining a twenty-four-hour guard over the stuff, gave a sigh of relief. This was premature, as it turned out, because the Rodina took on such a big cargo of textile machinery that she had room only for the statues of Stalin and Lenin and the seven-ton bejewelled map of the U.S.S.R. The customs men continued on duty. There are vague rumors that another Russian freighter is due this month. Meanwhile the Pavilion lies in Hoboken, probably at the mercy of capitalistic termites.

With the international situation the way it is, it's in the cards that the crates won't be picked up for a long, long time, maybe never. Russia has few ships and probably needs them for more urgent cargo than pavilions. The Motor Haulage Corporation is still responsible for the crates, and we asked its operating vice-president, Mr. Charles S. Lyon, what he thought was going to become of them. He just said, "I *wouldn't* venture to dare to guess." He pointed out various possibilities. Russian ships, through the years, may return the Pavilion bit by bit. Russia may abandon



"I ***know*** *he's been off the air for ten minutes, but I'm afraid to interrupt him."*

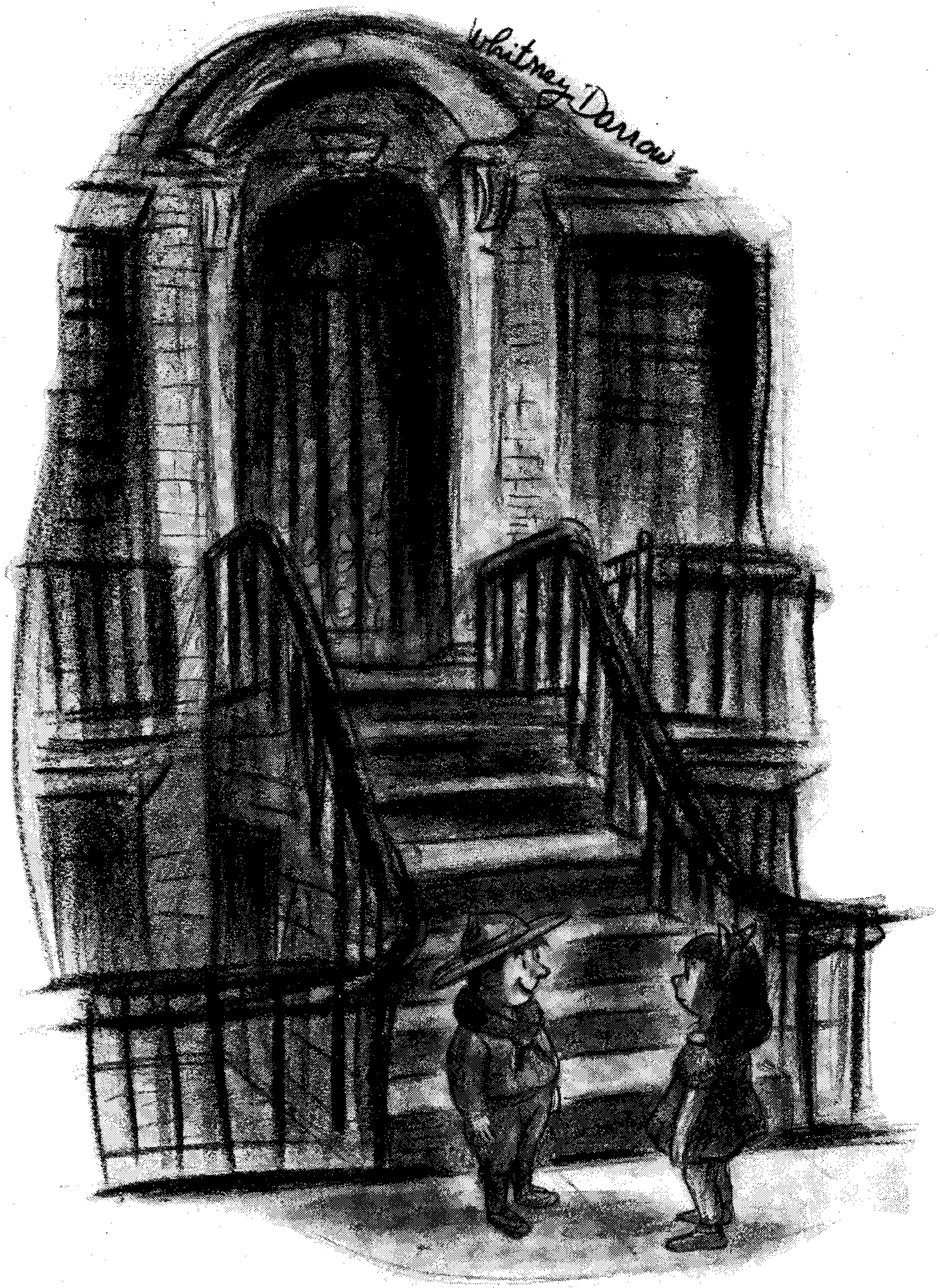
it, in which case she forfeits the bond posted with the customs officials and they destroy the material. Or, if a purchaser can be found in this country, it can be released for sale by payment of customs fees; only a renegade capitalist, however, would turn a $4,000,000 white elephant into ready cash for Russia.

Mood

A "MEMORIAL PARK" (cemetery) is in the final stages of construction and landscaping at Paramus, New Jersey. Already it has a colored fountain, which changes hues to the accompaniment of music from a public-address system. At the formal dedication, the music provided for the future patrons included that old barroom favorite, "I Wonder Who's Kissing Her Now."

City Farmers

WE had a leisurely lunch the other day with a group of farmers gathered in the small ballroom of the Hotel Roosevelt. There were some thirty-five of them, all dressed in quiet, custom-made blues and grays, with an occasional pin stripe, for, in addition to being farmers, most of them were directors, presidents, or vice-presidents of such up-and-coming enterprises as Ovington's, the National Biscuit Company, Arthur Kudner, General Foods, and Rogers Peet. It was a regular monthly lunch of the Farm Club of New York, which was organized in 1939 by Joseph F. Schaffhausen, of Johns-Manville. Membership requirements are ownership of a farm and appropriate prestige in the local business world. Mr. Schaffhausen, who was at our table, told us that the club has a hundred and thirty-four members, seventy-nine of whom have paid their dues, and that the day's attendance was small because the last meeting had been dull. A New York florist had given a talk on flower seeds. "It was the sort of thing you'd expect to hear at a women's club," Mr. Schaffhausen said. Conversation was largely on agricultural topics. "How did the Brown Swiss do in butterfat last month?" a New Jersey man asked a Pennsylvania man. "Four point seven," the Pennsylvania man said promptly, "and we give grass silage a lot of the credit." Mr. Schaffhausen, who owns a ranch in New Mexico, was engaged in a discussion of methods for the evaporation of alfalfa. We heard him recommend the Swedish system, a tip which we pass along without elaboration.


Whitney Darrow Jr.

"Would you like to come up and look at my merit badges?"

• •

When dessert had been served, the company was entertained by a short film of an Illinois cornhusking contest. This evoked whistles of astonishment and respectful comment on the speed of some of the huskers. Upon its conclusion, Mr. Schaffhausen introduced the speaker of the day, Professor Rice, of Cornell, dean of the country's poultry experts, who spoke on "Egg Magic." Professor Rice is a peppery little man and he soon made it clear that he had more vital things to talk about than flower seeds. He opened his remarks by bluntly expressing suspicion of his listeners' interest in agriculture. "I'm not sure whether you're real dirt farmers or just prosperous city men," he told them severely. The attention he received seemed sincere when he suddenly seized an egg and a glass of milk from the table and brandished them, one in each hand. "Here I have the two most perfect human foods known," he announced. He put the milk down after a while but continued to wave the egg throughout his address. It served as a symbol of the marvels of modern, scientific breeding and of the opportunity for experiment offered by the hen, whose periods of gestation are short and frequent. “A cow freshens every nine months or so,” he pointed out with vehemence, “*but a hen is pregnant all the time she’s laying*.” Professor Rice brought his speech to a close with an unexpected transition to anti-totalitarianism. “It’s still worth while,” we suddenly heard him saying, “to get a piece of land in this blessed country of ours, where we do things in accordance with the dictates of our own wishes, and not according to what somebody else tells us to do.”

Mot Juste

POSSIBLY the most pathetic group of people in the nation are the candidates for admission to college, who have had to sweat over academic problems while their elders were moiling over the simple question of staying alive. Evidence that concentration was not always easy comes from a teacher who served this year as a reader of C.E.E.B. examinations in English literature. One distracted student, required to give a summary of “Macbeth,” wrote in part, “Macbeth is walking over the heath with Banquo, when the witches appear, heiling him as the Thane of Cawdor and King of Scotland.”

Special Agent

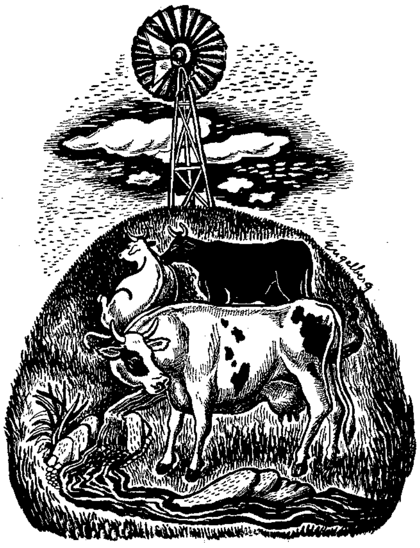
AS everyone cognizant of current financial activities knows, Mr. Thomas Johnstone Carlyle Gifford, who is perhaps Great Britain’s foremost investment authority, has been in New York for the last six months liquidating American securities taken over by the British government from its subjects, the owners receiving sterling in payment, the proceeds in American dollars going to buy munitions. Mr. Gifford is thought to be now well along with his second hundred million dollars in the stupendous selling program, and for a while, until the invasion of Holland affected the market adversely, he was turning a profit for his government on some of the securities it took over. At any rate, they were quoted at higher prices than his government had paid. About this, Mr. Gifford, a Scotsman, has said nothing. Since his arrival here he has said nothing whatever about anything for publication. Nor has he permitted photographs. There is said to be not a single picture of him in all the United States. *Time*, describing him as “tweedy, fiftyish,” recorded that he was “as hard to find as a sliced brassie shot on a Scottish moor.”

We found Mr. Gifford readily enough, by going to 15 Broad Street and looking under “G” in the directory of tenants on the wall in the lobby. Prior to that, a man deep in finance had told us a little about him and what he is doing, although, as he pointed out, nothing that wasn’t more or less common knowledge. Mr. Gifford has sold many of England’s securities by private negotiations with corporations and individuals rather than in the open market. He is a director of twenty-two British companies and the chairman of nine investment trusts. He speaks with a burr, plays a dashing game of squash, and has a wide reputation for frankness. “What’s in his mind he says, no matter where the cards fall,” our friend told us.

Despite the knowledge that Mr. Gifford would be greatly uninterested in seeing us, we decided to take a look at his offices. We found them to consist of two rooms with no name on the door of either. The outer room was plain and sparsely furnished with a filing cabinet, hatrack, water-cooler, and two desks, before which sat a young lady and a white-haired gentleman who was writing down figures on a big pad of yellow accounting paper. While the latter was explaining that it would be impossible for any journalist to speak to Mr. Gifford, Mr. Gifford himself appeared at the door of the inner office for a moment, seeing a visitor out. He was wearing a brown hard-finish, double-breasted suit. He nodded to us briskly. We nodded in return and let it go at that. He looked fiftyish but not tweedy.

Recommendation

NOT all the vivid advertising copy is written in the metropolis. For example, a well-travelled correspondent has sent us word that a display of Simmons mattresses in the show window of G. Fox & Co., of Hartford, includes this sign: “When you relax on this Simmons Beautyrest Mattress a feeling of utter surrender steals over your whole body.”



Camps Yaphank

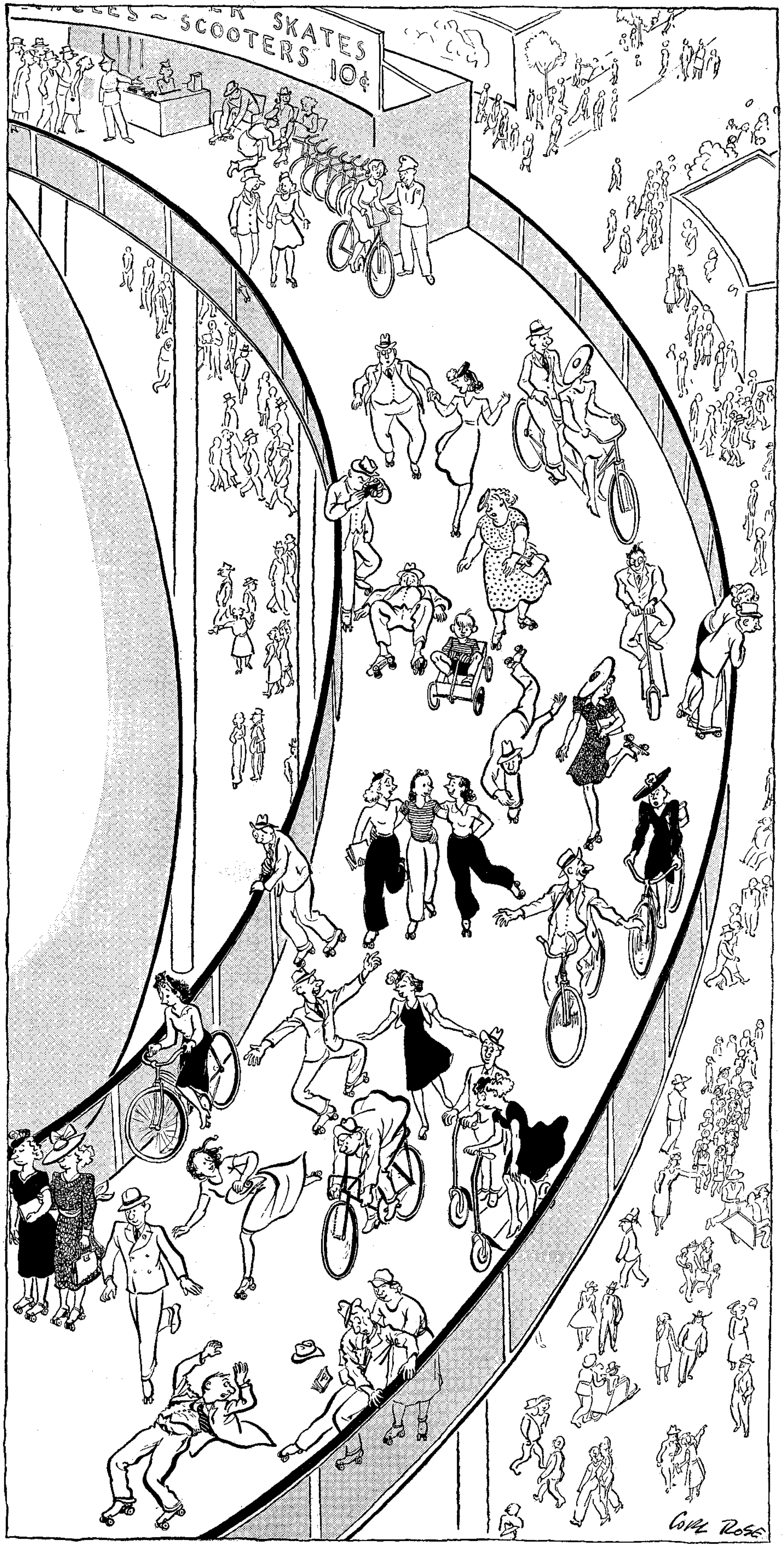
THE 1,400 members of the Tenth Infantry (Rifle), National Guard, were taking things easy Sunday before last, when we drove out to Camp Upton at Yaphank, L.I., to look into that segment of the nation’s defences. We got there late in the afternoon, just before the regimental band concert, and put ourself in the hands of Major J. J. Conners, a ruddy officer in charge of Plans and Training, who took us on a rapid tour of inspection and reminded us ruefully that Camp Upton hadn’t been used as an Army camp since the last war. “Like a ghost town the day we moved in,” he said, pointing to the unpainted barracks and dusty company streets. “The CCC was around for a while, but they just tried to plant trees.” The soldiers were spending the afternoon walking along the road, lying on their backs, manicuring their nails, swimming in a lake a mile or so away, or pitching horseshoes. The Tenth, which consists of upstate men, came down from Camp Smith, in Peekskill, for ten days of terrain maneuvers, with one overnight field expedition. Major Conners thought the men were grimmer than in previous years. He said the Guardsmen had experienced no trouble with their Nazi neighbors in nearby Camp Siegfried, which was opened by the German-American Bund. “They’d be nice to us, all right, if we went over there,” he said. Major Conners didn’t think the Germans—in Europe, not Yaphank—had any secret weapons. “Wonderful supply system—that’s all,” he said. We speculated idly on how our system compared to theirs. “Let me show you our sunken refrigerators,” said the Major, taking us to a company kitchen and pointing out a supply of frankfurters, hams, and sides of bacon reposing in a hole in the ground.

We went over to Officers’ Row and found that a number of people had drawn up in jalopies for the Sunday concert. A priest stopped his car beside the Major, announcing himself as Father O’Mara. “A good name,” said Major Conners. The Father was concerned over the devotions of the Catholic men in the regiment. The Major put his mind at ease. "We piled them into trucks and took them to town for Mass," he said. A small, dark man in a creased suit ran up and excitedly asked if he could display a sign announcing burro baseball, which turned out to be softball played on the backs of local donkeys. The Major obliged by hammering the notice onto the side of a barracks. "Have to put in big nails," he said, "to hold the building up." The band opened with "El Capitan." As we left, it broke into the "Beer Barrel Polka," now being used as a marching song by the armed forces of the Reich.

On the way home we stopped at Camp Siegfried. A sign over the gate bore a swastika. It also said, "*Herzlich Willkommen*," so we went in. Not so much as the murmur of a *Heil;* just a few scattered people in slacks or shorts, speaking nothing but German and wandering aimlessly up and down in front of badly painted summer cottages. At the entrance to the von Hindenburg Athletic Field, so designated by a sign, was a bust of the General. Several well-developed young men were tossing a medicine ball. Somewhere nearby we could hear firecrackers being shot off; at least, they *sounded* like firecrackers. A sign on one little building said that the privileges of Camp Siegfried could be enjoyed for $14 a week and that one could "swim and play, develop strong bodies and minds under conditions that preclude dissenting opinions." At the rear of the building was another sign, with its face to the wall. We turned it around. "The Bund fights for you," it said, and suggested in turn that we fight for the Bund. We went into the camp beer hall and the proprietor told us he had just gone dry. Near the gate was a man in a truck, offering eels for sale. "Hardly anyone here any more," he told us when we asked him about business. "The Bunders can't sell beer now—no licence. Don't buy eels, either."

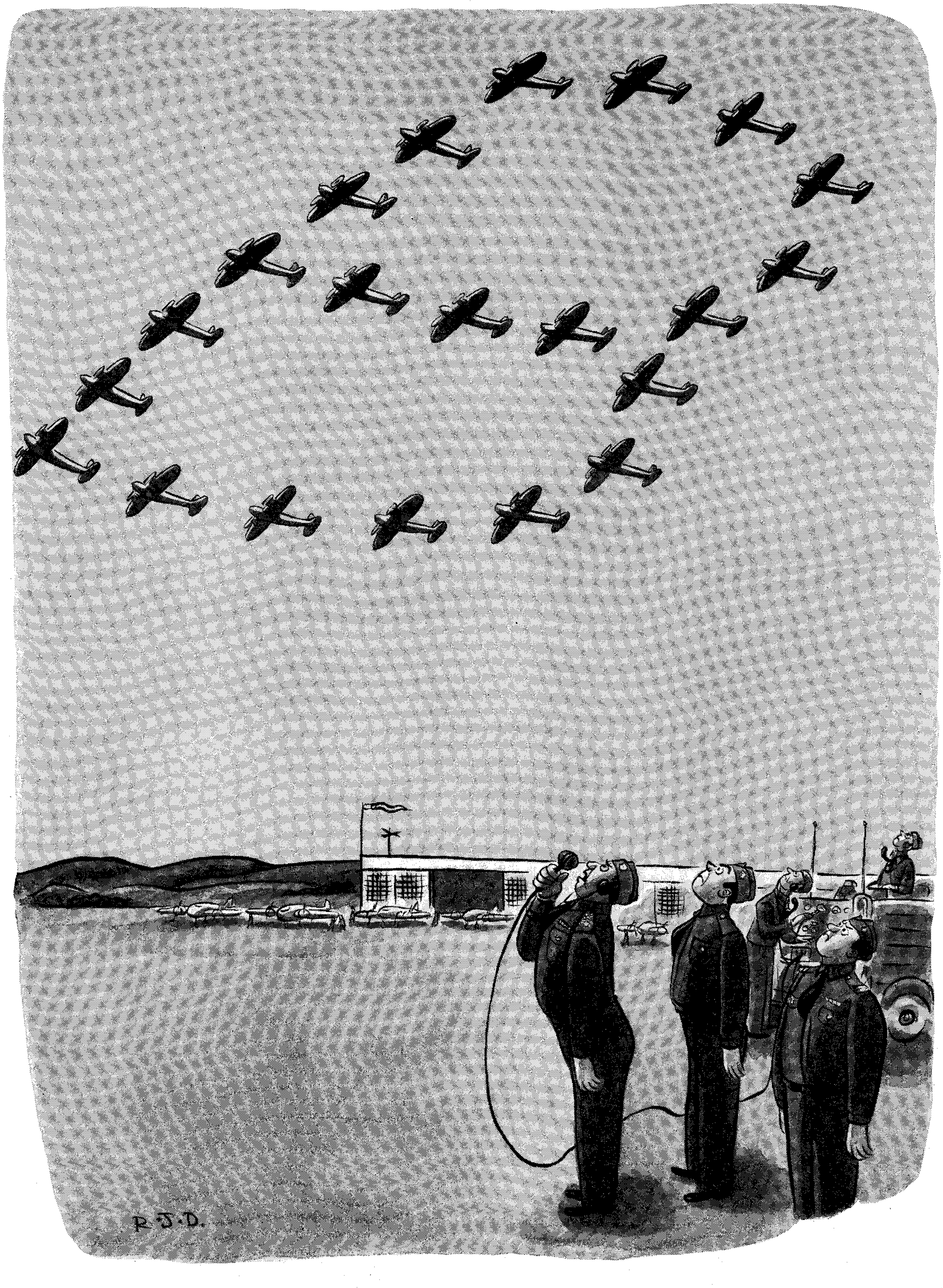
Baffled

YOU should have been in the city room of the New York *Evening* (one word censored here) one afternoon a few weeks ago, when the staff was engaged in bringing its wall map of the European conflict up to date. Seems that the news-service ticker had mentioned a place, evidently vital in the day's maneuvers, which none of the journalists could find in the atlas or on the map: UTTERCHAOS.



OVERLOOKED OPPORTUNITIES FOR A GAYER FAIR

The Helicline



"I said V, Lieutenant McHaney! V as in violet."

HAPPY BIRTHDAY, ENID

ELLEN CHARLES waited until she heard the voices of her two children coming from the sand pile at the foot of the garden before she went into the house. Daisey and Lucille were in the kitchen. Daisey was washing dishes. Lucille, the colored nurse, sat at the table in a mussed uniform, staring out onto the lawn. "I'm going upstairs now," Ellen told her. "If the children should come in and ask for me, tell them that I've gone down to the village—anywhere." Lucille nodded. "And tomorrow morning you'll order all the things for the party, won't you, Daisey? I imagine there'll be about twelve parents and fourteen children if the Fletchers come. It's three o'clock now and I don't believe I'll be upstairs for more than an hour, but if the children should come in, be sure and send them right out again. They ought to stay out until suppertime."

The rooms she passed through were cool and clean. She would keep the parents outside on the terrace, she thought, and the children on the lawn. The thought of rain suddenly tired her and called up the picture of a crowded and disorderly house, but the paper said fair and it hadn't rained for a week. She climbed the stairs, crossed the hall, and opened the attic door. The air in the stair well was hot. "It's like a furnace up here," she said. Her husband was on the floor on his hands and knees, tacking a window blind onto a doll house. "We ought to have this place finished off, Mark," she said, looking around her. Then she smiled admiringly at the doll house. "It's certainly nicer than anything we could ever buy. I really think it's beautiful. Will the glue be dry?"

"God, yes! It's hot enough up here to dry out anything." He wiped the sweat off his nose and backed away a little to get the effect of the window blind.

The doll house was a reproduction of their home. They had worked together on it in the stifling attic for two weeks and Mark was staying away from the office that day to complete it in time for the birthday party. Ellen was in her late thirties, Mark nearly fifty. Both of them had been married before and so appreciated deeply the rare quality of their life together. Their only regret was that they hadn't discovered each other sooner.

"Everything ought to be dry by the time we've finished dinner," Mark said, "and then we can come up and put the furniture in the rooms." He made a quick move to cover the house with newspaper when he heard footsteps on the stairs. It was Lucille.

"Mis' Charles," she said, "someone wants to speak with you on the telephone."

"All right, Lucille. I'll be right down."

After she had gone, Mark tinkered with the wiring of the doll house for a while. He turned the lights on to admire the effect. Then Ellen returned. He could tell by the heaviness of her step that something had gone wrong. She stood by the doll house, watching him work the lights. "It's so damned thankless!" she said. "It's so damned thankless! We've worked so hard on this and the party's going to be a lot of trouble and the children are really so ungrateful. They're so disobedient."

Mark could hear their innocent voices from the foot of the garden and the thought that they could do any wrong amused him. "What's up?"

"Well, it's that Hayward woman again. She just telephoned. About Enid. She says Enid has been stealing her precious flowers again and that if we don't keep our children out of her garden, she's going to have the police on us."

He laughed. "For a minute you had me worried," he said. "I thought it was something serious. Everyone knows she's a crank."

"But it *is* serious, Mark. You can't tell what that old witch is going to do. And anyhow, Enid ought to learn to obey. I've told her a hundred times to stay out of Mrs. Hayward's garden and it just simply does not penetrate. She ought to learn to respect other people's property."

"Let's go downstairs and change and get a drink."

"This is serious, Mark. I wish you'd listen to me."

"I'll call Mrs. Hayward if you want me to."

"No, I don't think that will do any good. I think it would be better if you spoke to Enid."

"All right, I'll speak to Enid. Now let's go down and get a drink."

THAT evening, after Lucille had bathed and fed the children, they came out onto the terrace to say good night to their parents. Enid, whose sixth birthday they were celebrating the following afternoon, was the older and the more spirited; Joan was a little over a year younger. Enid was dark, with an arresting and intelligent face, Joan fair and stout without her sister's moodiness. Enid went to her father and Mark held the child in his arms for a few minutes. Scolding his daughters was something he could not do without awkwardness. "Now, tomorrow is your birthday," he began in an unnatural voice, "and Mummy and Daddy are giving you a big party because you're a good girl. But if you're not a good girl, there isn't going to be any party." Her face fell. Pushing him away, she hunted in his eyes for some explanation of his sternness. "Now, Mummy has told you again and again that you're not to go into Mrs. Hayward's garden and that above all you're not to steal her flowers. You've disobeyed her again and again, and since speaking about it doesn't seem to do any good, we may have to try something else. You know you're not supposed to go into Mrs. Hayward's garden, don't you?"

"But Daddy, I'm going to have my party, aren't I?"

"Answer my question."

"Daddy, I didn't steal any flowers."

"Now, tell me the truth."

"But I didn't steal any flowers, Daddy. I didn't steal any flowers. I didn't—" Fear contorted her face. She threw herself into his arms, sobbing violently. "Can't I have my party, Daddy? Please, please, can't I have my party?"

"Not unless you're a good girl."

She slipped down from his knees and stood on the terrace, weeping bitterly.

"Take her to bed, Lucille," he said. "If she's a good girl, she can have her party tomorrow, and if she's disobedient, she can't. If she's a good girl," he repeated mechanically, "she can have her party tomorrow, and if she's disobedient, she can't."

Enid was crying when Lucille took her away, and when Mark went upstairs later in the evening to work on the doll house, he heard Enid still weeping in her room. It made him feel old. When she was ten, he thought, he would be well over fifty, his hair would be gray. When she was twenty, he would be nearly seventy. He worked on the doll house until quite late.

THE morning was fine, with a deep-blue sky and a warm wind blowing. Enid received her presents in the playroom before breakfast. The doll house was a great success. At first both the children were too impressed to touch it. When Mark showed them that the furniture was movable, that the doors opened and shut, and that the lights could be turned on and off, Enid and then Joan approached it reverently. They complained when they were taken away for breakfast, and after breakfast they rushed back to the playroom. Joan tired of the

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new toy before the morning was over, but Enid continued to shift the furniture around, muttering to herself about the various people who lived in the house and their needs and occupations.

Enid and Joan were too excited to sleep after lunch. At three Lucille got them up and dressed them in their new clothes. The party was to be at four. The children were to be fed a meal that would take the place of their supper while their parents were served canapés and drinks on the terrace.

Ellen fussed over the canapés, and checked the liquor and the number of chairs. When the first car came up the drive she was still dressing. She heard Mark shout his greeting and the children thundering down the hall and then the shy pause when a present was offered.

By four-thirty the party was in full swing. The din of adult talk and the children's hard, bold voices could have been heard on the street. Joan, Enid, and their guests sat around a trestle table on the south lawn, putting away ice cream and cake. Many of them still wore the paper hats, now awry and in some cases torn, that Lucille had given them when they arrived. To Ellen, after years of apartment hotels, the scene was gratifying and beautiful. A breeze carried a paper napkin across the lawn. Most of the women were in summer dresses; the men wore flannels. They were a friendly lot, passionately concerned with local news and the problems of bringing up children. The bray of tin horns, screams of anger and happiness, the smell of trampled grass made the place seem pleasantly like a circus ground.

Then a tired child began to whimper. The first couple prepared to go. At seven, Mark and Ellen were left happily alone with the rubbish. He made some fresh cocktails and they sat on the terrace, admiring their lawn and their trees, commenting on the way other people's children had behaved.

Joan and Enid waited in the playroom for Lucille to come and undress them, after she had cleared away the dishes. They were pale. Their clothes were stained with ice cream and milk. Joan emptied toys out of a chest. Enid shifted the furniture of the doll house impatiently. She put the living-room furniture in the bathroom, set the bathtub up in the dining room, and then put an armchair on top of a table and a floor lamp on the armchair. "I'm making a fountain," she said. "I'm making a fountain and then I'm going to make a garden to put the fountain in out in front of the house."

Joan dropped an armful of toys and wandered over. "This is our house," Enid went on. "This is your room and this is my room and this is Mummy's and Daddy's room and this is Lucille's room way, way up here and this is Daisey's room. This is really a garage, but this is where Daisey is going to live."

"That isn't our house," Joan said flatly. "Our house isn't all open in front like that."

"Well, this house isn't open in front really, this is just make-believe. There is really a wall here just like in our house, with windows and doors and grass out in front, only the wall is make-believe so that you can see inside the house and see the furniture."

"No."

"Well, then," Enid said petulantly, "this is the house I'm going to live in when I grow up. This is going to be *my* house." Bored, Joan started back toward the chest. Enid tried a new tack. "You know whose house this really is?" she teased, her voice growing mysterious and excited. "This isn't our house at all. This is really Mrs. Hayward's house. This is where Mrs. Hayward sleeps and this is where Mr. Hayward sleeps and this is the bathroom and this is the kitchen and this is the garden and it's late, late, late at night, all the stars are out and everybody's asleep."

Enid felt herself standing in the quiet and dangerous night she described. She felt the coarse grass under her feet and saw the trees all around the sky, like soft, black clouds. "It's late, late, late," she whispered, "and you and I are burglars and we take off our shoes so we won't make any noise and we walk up to the house and you know what we do then? We break a window." She pushed her finger through one of the cellophane windows. Joan reached up and pushed her finger through another. They sniggered. Then Enid's face drew out. "First we break one window," she whispered, "and then we break all the windows, and then—" Her voice had risen and her eyes were bright. She was trembling with excitement. "We break all the windows and then we break the furniture." She took the sofa from the small living room and crushed it on the floor. "First we break all the furniture and then we break all the windows and the dishes and things and then we go upstairs." With a sweep of her hand, she emptied the house of furniture. "We break everything!" she cried. "We break everything in the whole old darned house!" She knocked the house from the table to the floor and began to kick it stubbornly, sobbing. "Everything in the dirty old house, everything, everything, everything."

—John Cheever

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"When I returned to the car," he said, "I found she had stripped off her clothing. It was a beautiful moonlit night."—*The News.*

Never mind that!

A NEW CAREER

FRIEND TED:

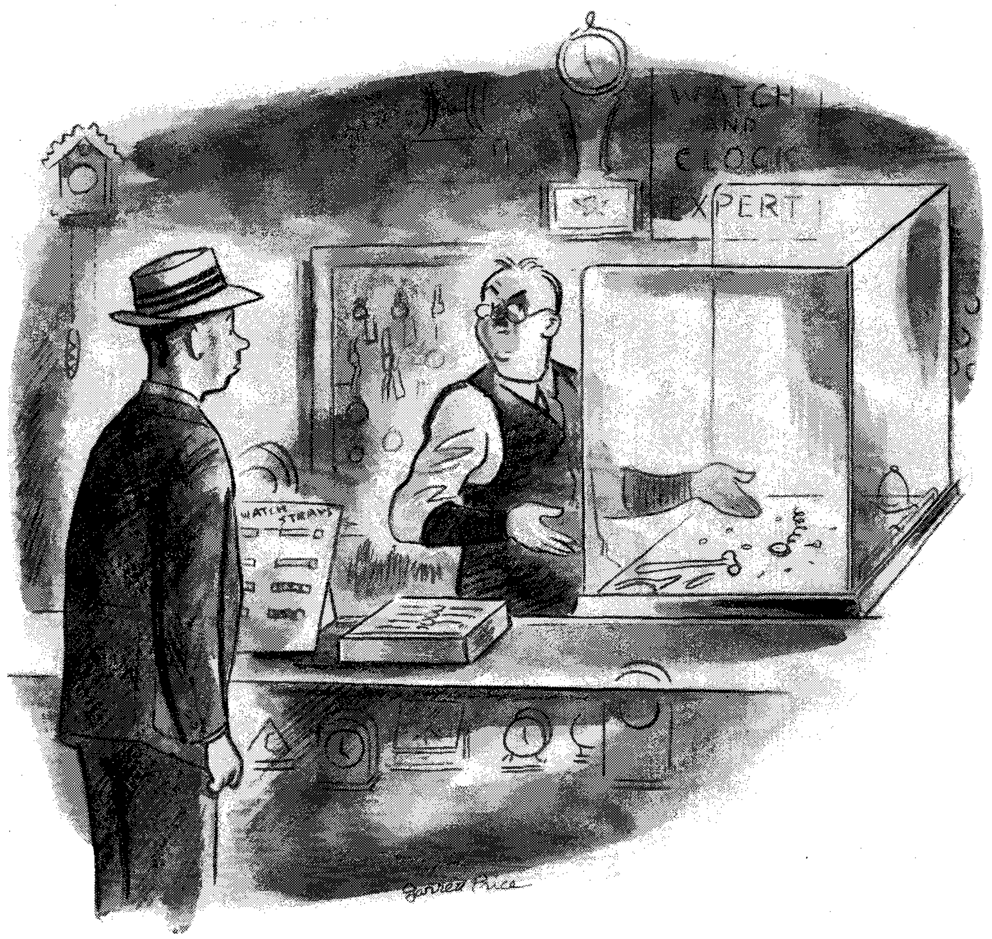
BY the business we are doing these nites one wd never be let to suspect that there is a world conflagraton going on but nevertheless such is the case. Where I give with the pipes the rope is up every nite of the wk except Monday and then such is the kind of lug I am working for that he wants to put the rope up and hang himself from it because one nite of the wk maybe four tables do not get occupied by people buying wine. This is the same guy that I recall distintly six months ago if 4 tables did happen to be occupied he wd spend $40 phoning his girl on the road with some band that business was terrific. Now when he gets a bad nite he thinks it is brutal.

I guess you are wondering why I am giving you these physical details. Well I do not blame you because why should you give a good God damn about some crib in Chicago even if I do happen to be singing there. Of course I always give a damn if it is you and I understand you are going to be booked into the N.Y. Paramount in a couple wks and whoever's record is tops I hope you break it and am sure you will. But of course why you should care if we do 8000 or 800 except that I have a little proposition that may arouse yr interest and it is this.

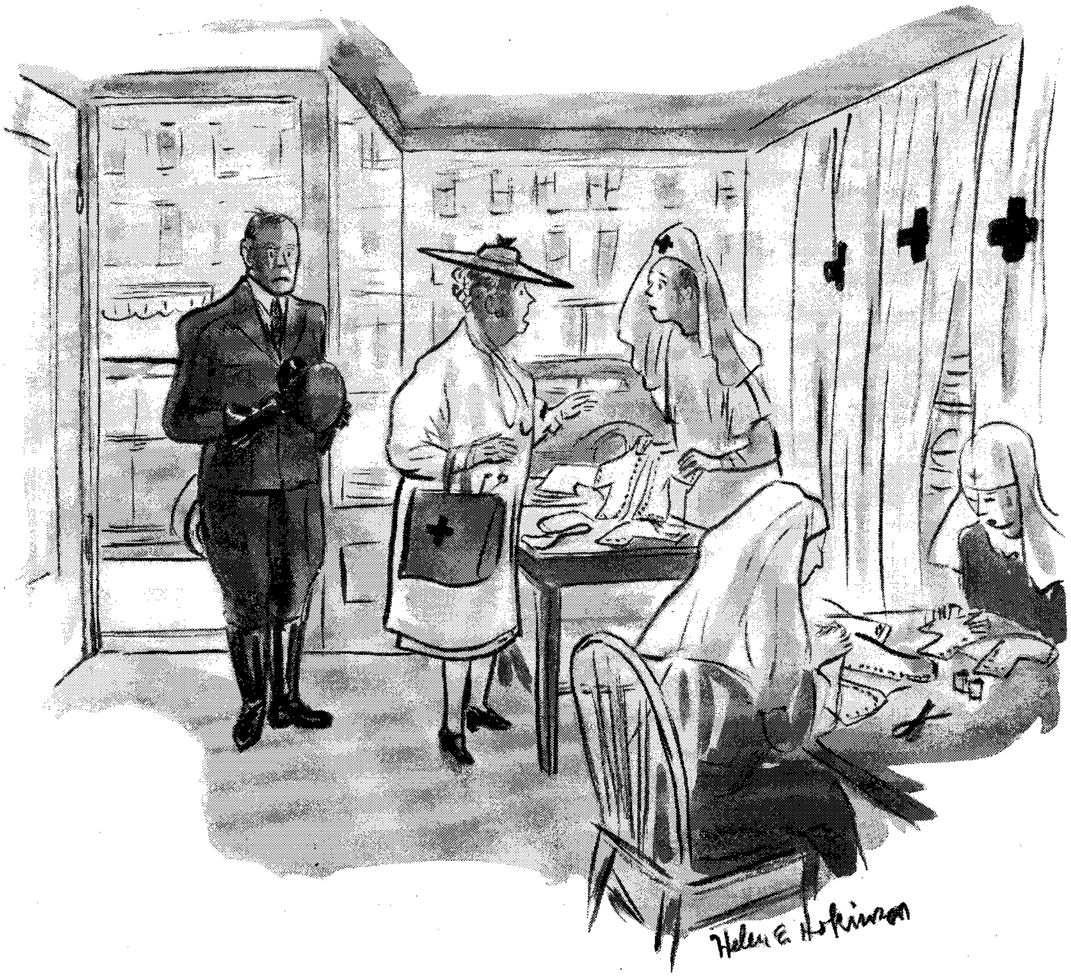
I will tell you all about it and how I happen to have my interest aroused. It is owing to those Monday nites. My boss is known by the name Harry Bonbon which is a mob nickname he got from the mobsters not because of him liking chocolate bon-bon candy but his name was Burnbaum and they had a mobster with an impedima in his speech and the closest he could come to the name was Bonbon. That is one vertion. However that is as good as any and I just wanted to tell you his name Harry Bonbon. So these Monday nites he just sits there chewing on the end of his cigar (personally I wish he would chew on the lit end but no such luck) and he counts the empties and then I see him looking around and he will call a headwaiter and point to some lights and say "Save that" and the headwaiter will have to go out and turn off the light. He keeps doing that until by the time it gets to be 12 or half past the place is like a black out over in England. It is a very handy thing for the out of town spenders that have some local mouse out for the first time and want to find out if she has a wooden leg. It also is a very fine thing in favor of the light finger gentery and I told Harry one Monday I said in case he was interested over there was a bump man I use to see out at the track some times and I said maybe he is now working alone but it will be a fine thing for the joint in case he happens to bump into one of the socialites and the socialites lose a handsome wallet stuffed with a liberal supply of folding. "Jesus! said Harry, I never tho't of that and ordered the lights turned on. Of course he has only been in this business since around 1885 and should know by this time that any time the socialites go out they leave there folding money at home or most of it. My experence with socialites is they go to a spot with the expectaton of throwing away up to $3 if it is a party of 2 or 4.

Well that is just an illustraton of what I mean about Monday nite and how Harry worries. If it is not the lights it is go easy on the ice or use napkins instead of fresh table clothes. Or go easy on the air conditoning or no fresh packs of matches but use old packs with one match in them or else he is got the cashier going nuts because he wants a report every 15 min. So of course I also noticed another thing more important than the above. I happen to notice him one nite looking at me. He did not say anything. He merely looked. But the way he looked was the way the head man looks on one of those artic expeditons after nobody had anything to eat for a wk. They are going around barefooted because they have used up their moccassins for scoff. Maybe one of the chaps has knawed off a nice juicey thumb. But the head man is looking at me. I am the fat one (I did not put on any wt but this is just an illustraton). I am say the radio operator and got fat sitting around on the way North and the head man thinks and thinks and pretty soon he has no doubts about if he is going to eat me. All he is wondering is will I take much salt. Sunday nite they can have me for cold cuts. That is the way Harry is looking at me. Does he give a damn if I am the only one that can operate the radio and notify civilizaton? No. He is thinking I wd make a nice roast. The same with Harry. Is he thinking about the mice that come in because I work here? No. All he is thinking is how if I was not on the payroll it wd be the same as getting his electricity free.

Well I am a great student of human nature and always prided myself on reading characters, so I know Harry wd



"I'm afraid there'll be a slight delay, Mr. Banks. I got mad at your watch today."



"Can't you think of anything McGinnis could do?"

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break my contract in a minute. If I was not willing to break my contract then he wd get a couple of hoods and I wd be in a taxi accident and maybe break my knee cap. I will break a contract any day in preference to my knee cap. So I sound out a couple other spots but they say I want too much money. I got desparate. I even went to one lug and said I wd sing and run the floor show and also take pictures. I did not have any kodak but anybody can take pictures but even so they said no and I wd not come down in price more than $25 a wk.

Well, what is an angle, I asked myself. Then because I always use to make my Easter duty and did a lot of people favors I got my reward. They had this busboy named Pablo that use to fix me up a sandwich once in a while and I befriended him by overhearing a tip on a horse at Arlington and it paid I think around $18.40 and Pablo was on it for a fin. So he always recalled that and one nite after Harry gave me the explorer look I was having a sandwich and I guess I was unable to disguise my feelings because Pablo ask me what was the matter and I just said nothing at all really. Just blue. And he tho't it was some mouse but I said any time a mouse made me feel that way he should let me know. I did not wish to worry Pablo and did not inform him why I was worried as I knew Pablo would worry too because even if he did not know it his job was also in danger and I wanted the poor chap to have his happiness. Well he took away the dishes etc. and you know how those people are and how nothing gets them down for long. They bounce right back because they are primative and not very close to civilizaton like jigs. So a minute after he was so sympatico Pablo was humming away a tune. Well I was smoking and thinking and suddenly this tune gradually began creeping into my tho'ts. It grew on me. Finally I asked him I said what was the name of it and he smiled and said it did not have any name. I said was it perhaps some Mexican folks' song and he said oh, yes, it was six or seven Mexican folks' songs all in one. He said it was one of his own, which he made up out of a lot of songs from his native land, Mexico. "Sing it again, I said. He was very pleased and sang it all through for me. Well I jumped up and as soon as the band finish the set I went over to the piano and one fingered it and wrote it out on the back of a menu card. But that was not necessary because on the way home I remembered it and the next afternoon when I woke up I remembered it.

Well you know how I am. Like Berlin. I can fake a tune in one key so the next couple days I was down at the joint in the afternoon playing it on the piano till I had it all mastered and not any too soon I might ad. Because the last afternoon I turned around and saw the guitar player in the band standing there. "How long of you been here, I said. He said he just got there and I did not know whether to believe him or not as he wd steal my tune as quick as look at me but I did not want to let on it was important so I just said play a few and he was like any ham musican and started in and played Muddy Waters. I wanted to test him to see if he wd play my tune but he didn't.

Well now I have something in case Harry the explorer decides to cut me up but the hell of it is I cant trust any of these bastards and that is where you come in. I know there is no larceny in you Ted boy so what I am going to do is go to a music store and get one of those recording machines and play the tune and cut a wax of it. I will cut a couple and send one to you so that if you lose it or anything I will still have one and anyway that will show that it was my idea. Then when I send it to you you play it over and see if you think it has possibilites and if so maybe you can get Johnny Mercer or somebody to write some lyrics for it. I will guarantee to let you play it first over the air and who knows but perhaps that is not a new career for me, that of song writer. I have a lot of ideas along this line and only need a little encouragement. My tune can be played as either a rumba or conga, fox trot or waltz. If I could get a good Ascap rating this year I would quit this business in a minute and stop worrying about Harry the explorer. So look in the mail any day now for a record. Be sure and tell your secretary that anything from me is to go to you without opening it.

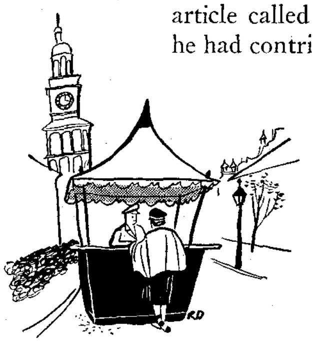
As always,
PAL JOEY
—JOHN O'HARA

ELEVEN YEARS WITH THE WENDELL WILLKIES

MAINLY because I felt they would never enjoy a very large sale, win me the Pulitzer Prize, the attention of William Saroyan, or a $3,000-a-week contract in Hollywood, I have never had the slightest desire to write my memoirs. The world's great who have crossed my path, generally rather hurriedly, have done so secure in the knowledge that their secrets, even had I known them, would go no further; what Bernard Shaw might have said to me in Antibes in the summer of 1928, had we only met, will certainly never be divulged by *me*, though I cannot, of course, speak for Shaw. Recently, however, the circumstances of my life have caused me to abjure this attitude; the dovetailing of one aspect of my existence with that of a certain person has seemed to me a sign from heaven, or at any rate from the Republican Party, to tell all and never calculate the royalties.

By one of those purely fortuitous coincidences that make living in an apartment so much more exciting than living in a private house, tent, or old shoe, I not only reside in the same apartment house in the East Eighties as Mr. Wendell Willkie, the Republican candidate for the Presidency, but I dwell on precisely the same landing, in the apartment adjoining that of the Willkies. The building contains four apartments on each floor, but there are two elevators, one for the side of the house which faces Fifth Avenue and one for the side which faces Eighty-second Street, so the Willkie apartment and that of my family, which are on the street, or cheaper, side, share the exclusive use of an elevator landing on the sixth floor. I hope I have made myself clear; these two apartments are the *only* ones opening on this elevator landing, and if Mr. Willkie and I leave our homes at the same time, we go down in the elevator together—unless, of course, he ducks back into his foyer and lets me go down first. Incidentally, the apartments in our section of the building not only do not face Fifth Avenue but they are more modest in size than those on the other side. The Willkies, for example, have seven rooms, whereas John F. Curry, former leader of Tammany Hall, who lives on the Avenue, or Metropolitan Museum of Art, side, has twelve.

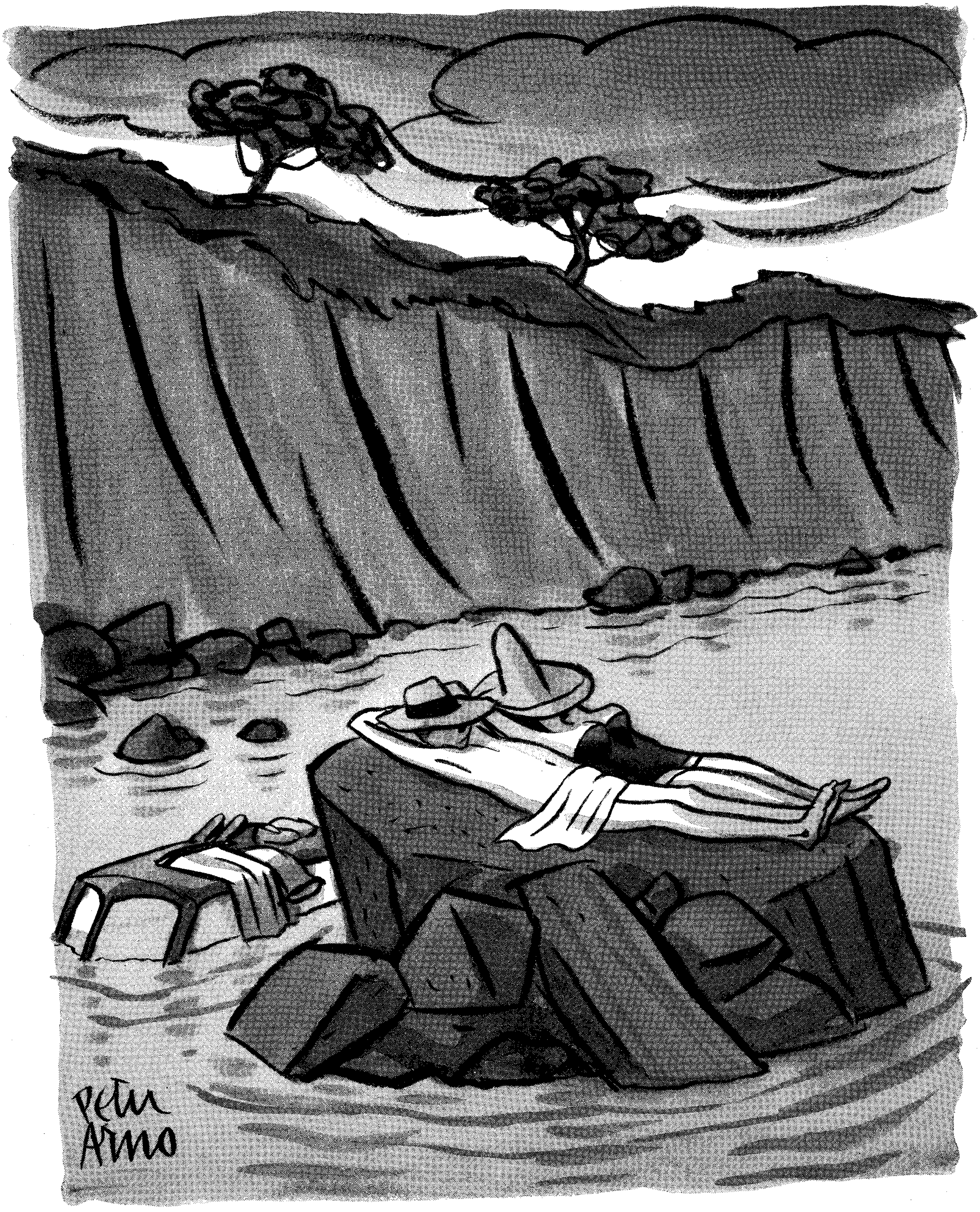
For the past few months, ever since it looked as though Mr. Willkie might be nominated, I have been buttonholing people and apprising them of my juxtaposition to the Willkies, hoping to shine in a kind of reflected glory. "Wendell Willkie lives in Apartment 6 D and I live in 6 C," I tell them. "We both look out on Eighty-second Street. He is nearer Fifth Avenue than I am and can see Central Park from his place, whereas I have to crane my neck out of the window to get even a glimpse of the Metropolitan Museum, but we share approximately the same view of Mrs. Mary Duke Biddle's house, the old Albert Gould Jennings house, and the old David Helier mansion, which is now a rooming house, and it is probably even easier for me than it is for Mr. Willkie to look up the block toward Madison Avenue and see the Hamilton School, formerly Mrs. Harry Hamlin's house; the spacious abode of Mr. and Mrs. Hall Park McCullough; the William J. Ryan house, currently occupied by the Roussy de Saleses; and the gray façade of Mrs. Casimir I. Stralem's residence." This sort of talk has tided me over several dinner parties, or at least over the soup, but now that Mr. Willkie *has* been nominated I'm not sure that it isn't turning out to be a boomerang. I find that people are not satisfied with my real-estate observations but ask me how Mr. Willkie shapes up as a neighbor, what his apartment looks like, whether he sings in his shower, and which he prefers for breakfast—honey or marmalade. Just the other day a picture magazine with a national circulation called me up to ask how much rent I supposed the Willkies paid, and it is clearly only a matter of how long it takes M. Lincoln Schuster to get through his reminder files before Simon & Schuster will commission me to write a book called "How to Live Next Door to a Presidential Candidate."



WHILE I am now in the right frame of mind to cast all reticence aside, the embarrassing fact is that, although the Willkies and I have been neighbors for eleven years, my relations with Mr. Willkie have been confined to going up or down in the elevator with him four or five times, or about once every other year. On these occasions we generally nod to each other, but it is hard to do much in a literary way with a nod, even a possibly Presidential nod. Recently I have taken to spending hours in my coat closet, which practically juts into the Willkie apartment, trying to find out whether or not Mr. Willkie sings in his shower, but either the building is solidly constructed or the Willkies have been away; I haven't heard a sound. I did, however, have an encounter with a member of the Willkie family a week or so before the Convention. As I was waiting for the elevator, Mr. Willkie's son, a nice-looking young man in shirtsleeves, poked his head out of 6 D and handed me a letter. "Would you mind giving this to the elevator man to mail?" he asked. "Not at all," I replied, feeling a strong sense of history. For all I know, it was a letter written by the candidate himself, perhaps to Kenneth Simpson. The elevator came up so quickly I had no time to look at the address, let alone steam open the envelope. Moreover, three or four years ago, when I gave a cocktail party, I had a rather oblique contact with the Willkie ménage. A number of guests, leaving after my party, rang the Willkie bell instead of the elevator bell, and the next day I noted a sign pasted on the elevator door which read "This Is the Elevator." Probably this was placed there by the Willkie maid; in any case, I haven't given a cocktail party since, and the sign has long ago fallen off or been removed by some farsighted souvenir hunter.

THE last time I met Mr. Willkie in the elevator was several weeks ago, on a morning when I had got up particularly early in order to see some early birds catching worms in Central Park. "That was a fine piece you had in *Fortune*," I volunteered, referring to an article called "We, the People," which he had contributed to a recent issue. Mr. Willkie thanked me cordially. "Someone send it to you?" he asked. As you may know, the Republican candidate has two subscriptions to *Fortune* himself, and his campaign manager is Russell W. Davenport, former managing editor of that publication. I submit that any man in Mr. Willkie's position who takes it for granted that his neighbor is *not* a *Fortune* subscriber (clearly established by polls taken by *Fortune's* circulation department as enjoying an executive post in a large corporation, an earned income of $30,000 a year, and an unearned income of $15,787) is both tolerant and realistic, and perhaps deserves the vote of all thoughtful men.

—GEOFFREY T. HELLMAN



"We'd better get started, dear. Time and tide, you know . . ."

PROFILES

GOSSIP WRITER

V—FLASH! IS IT TRUE WHAT THEY SAY?

"ACCURACY! Accuracy! Accuracy!" wrote Joseph Pulitzer in a commanding style. It was his cardinal rule of journalism, a practical code, in his judgment, as well as an ethical one. If Walter Winchell had gone over to the *World* from the *Evening Graphic* around 1926, when he was invited to do so by the *World's* executive editor, there is a question whether he would have been able to abide by the founder's vehement dictum. Pulitzer believed that inaccuracy will out. He reasoned that inaccuracy in journalism is instantly recognized by readers and that a journalist soon loses his readers if he fails to stick at least reasonably close to the facts. He worked all this out before gossip writing like Walter Winchell's had become an accepted feature of American journalism. Winchell has humbled Pulitzer on three counts. He has flagrantly disobeyed the great journalist's command of "Accuracy! Accuracy! Accuracy!" He has kept his readers and increased them many times over. And, as far as can be determined, his readers possess to this day an unshakable faith in Winchell's often reiterated claim that he is fiendishly and uncannily accurate.

A large number of the flat statements Winchell makes in his column and on the radio are impossible to prove or disprove for a reason which is scientific and philosophical but sound. Many of the married people whom he accuses pointblank of being "on the verge" or "readying a flash" do not themselves know at the time of the item's publication whether it is accurate or not. This also is true of young and middle-aged unmarried couples who are reported by Winchell to be "that way" or "blazing." In many cases, of course, Winchell appears to be proved accurate by subsequent events: a divorce action is instituted, or a Stork Club romance flowers into marriage. But love is tricky; it is a treacherous and unpredictable phenomenon which the cautious Pulitzer would never have allowed himself to become tangled up with as a journalist striving for accuracy. Had Mr. and Mrs. John Doe, who got divorced after Winchell said they were readying a flash, finally and definitely decided that they were incompatible before they read Winchell's item? Or was that simply the last straw? Who knows what perverse thoughts and emotions mingled in the secret souls of Mr. and Mrs. John Doe, who had loved once, presumably, had stood before an altar, had perhaps raised children together? Do Mr. and Mrs. John Doe know about these things themselves? Their gossipy friends? Winchell? How many couples have talked of divorce, then buried their secret and lived on together till they died? How many lovers have loved and then decided that they hadn't been "blazing" or "that way" about each other at all? Were their first or second thoughts on this matter correct?

Winchell himself has admitted that "blazing" is indefinable. On August 24, 1931, he wrote:

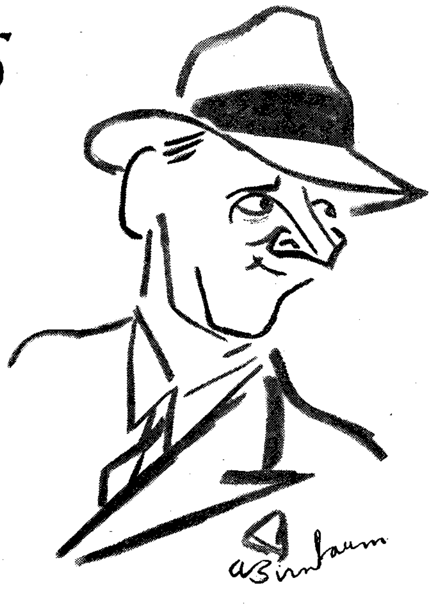
> Mrs. J. Loose who has more money than her Loose-Wiles plants have biscuits, and Vice-President Curtis are blazing.

Four days later he explained:

> The line on Monday about Vice-President Curtis and Mrs. Loose of the biscuit company "blazing" . . . Well, the Trib yesterday refuted it by saying that Mr. Curtis denied he was engaged or going to marry . . . Who said anything about engaged or marriage? Can't a vice-president get That Way about a girl without marrying her?

Then there are people like Mr. and Mrs. So-and-So. They were reported to be Renobound and never went, either of them. They are still married and just had another child. What of this? Was Winchell right? Was Winchell wrong? Were you really on the verge that time, Mrs. So-and-So? You, Mr. So-and-So? Do you know how you felt then? How you feel now? What you will do today? Tomorrow?

This state of affairs baffles and upsets Winchell continually. He is sure he is right, but subsequent actions of citizens who don't seem to know their own minds seem to suggest that he is wrong. "It burns me up," he once said passionately, referring to this situation. There are hosts of people in New York whom he has reported on the verge who have never yet gone over it. There are hosts of others who have told him personally that they are not on the verge and have gone over it without so much as a word to him. The same sort of thing is true of stories about births, critical illnesses, changes of employment, industrial machinations, political jockeying, international affairs, and a number of other things. For example, on February 14, 1938, Winchell wrote complacently:



Walter Winchell

> Henry Ford is contemplating retaining title to all his cars and renting them on the Drive-Yourself plan. That's one of the biggest stories in years boiled down to less than two lines.

But is it accurate? Did such an idea cross Mr. Ford's mind? If it did, was he contemplating it or just toying with it? Who knows? Winchell has been outwitted in such matters time and time again by the human element. It is something he has never been able to get a firm grasp on, and neither has science or philosophy.

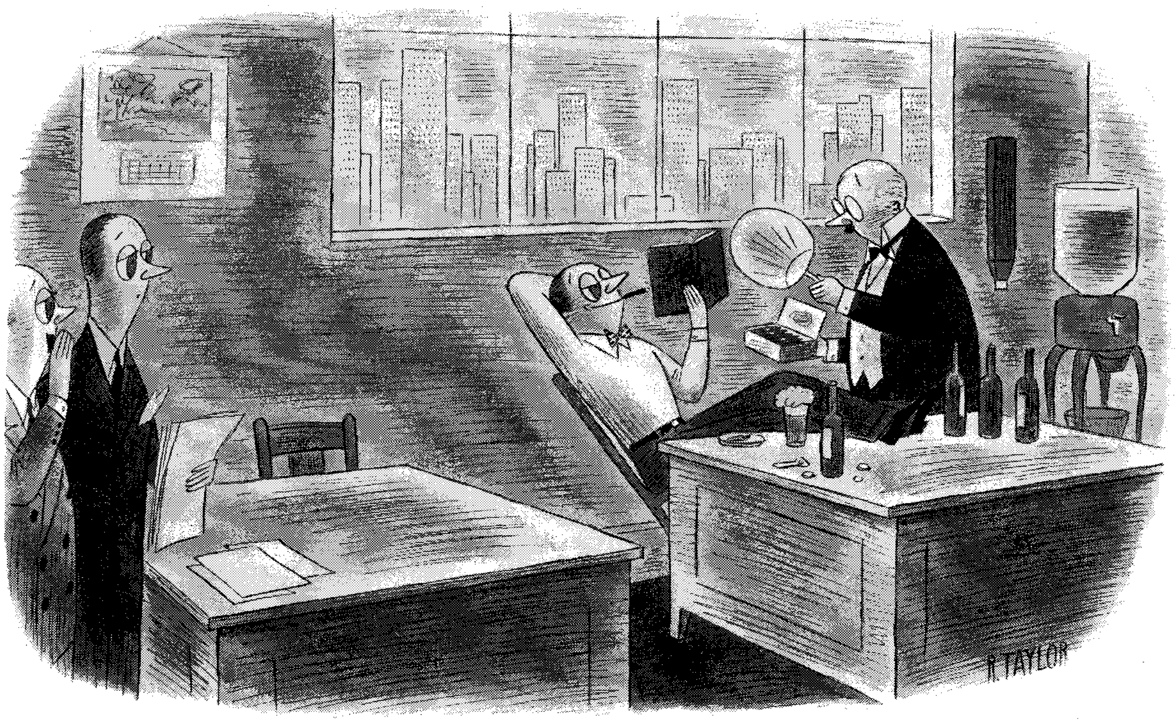
WINCHELL prints many flat statements which are in a less dreamy realm and the accuracy of these items may be determined either by general knowledge or research. "E.B.W. is Elinor Wylie's brother," he once informed his readers. Inaccurate. In September, 1938, Winchell said over the radio:

> Flash! Buron Fitts, district attorney of Los Angeles County, is reported to have boarded a ship for an unknown destination. There is another report that he is doing a Justice Crater.

Mr. Fitts was surprised to hear this. He was sitting at the home of a friend with nine Los Angeles judges listening to Winchell's news broadcast. Inaccurate.

Reports on Ambassador Bullitt's marital intentions belong in the dreamy rather than the verifiable category of Winchell items, but in view of the time that has elapsed and the prominence of the people involved, the accuracy of some statements Winchell made about him may be judged by general knowledge. In 1934 he reported:

> Ambassador to Russia Wm. Bullitt and Margie Le Hand, Roosevelt's personal



"Personally, I think Eddie's got something on old B. I."

> secretary, still deny blending reports, but she's over there now!

Two years later (people are so *slow*!), on September 7, 1936, Winchell wrote:

> The newly appointed Ambassador to France, William Bullitt, will marry soon. Marguerite Le Hand, the President's girl Friday?

Another year, another nudge from Winchell:

> Ambassador Bullitt's return to Washington brings him closer to FDR's confidential Girl Friday, Marge Le Hand.

The sands of time! June 19, 1939:

> The Ambassador Bullitt-Beth Leary merger talk is taken seriously by her chums, but not by his.

Finally, desperately, but with a quip on his lip, Winchell writes on September 11, 1939:

> Society suspects Beth Leary is Ambassador Bullitt's secret bride, but she wouldn't do such a thing to Cholly Knickerbocker, would she?

General knowledge may also be used to check Winchell's announcements about the former King of England. The June before the abdication of King Edward VIII, Winchell reported that he would not marry a Danish princess at all, but the daughter of a German prince.

There are innumerable instances in which general knowledge may be applied in judgment of Winchell's accuracy. A great many inaccurate items have appeared in his column through the years. They have touched on almost every field of human activity. Some of these items follow:

Hollywood: "The Mary Pickford-Buddy Rogers bunk is just that," he wrote in 1934. This referred to reports in other newspapers that these two were to be married. Motors: "The Cadillac firm has shelved building their 16-cylinder." This was in 1931; Cadillac is still building its 16-cylinder. Dentistry, September 7, 1931: "After having her molars fixed so that they would photograph better, Barbara Stanwyck will make no more flickers." Cellophane: "Rigid cellophane will replace shatter-proof glass in windshields in a year at one-third the fee of safety glass." This innovation should have made its appearance in 1933; not a word of it to date.

Back in Hollywood, October 10, 1932: "The orb operation on Joan Crawford is gradually blinding her!" Domestic politics, November 7, 1932: "Norman H. Davis of New York will be Secretary of State if Roosevelt wins." Diplomacy, August 12, 1935: "The Vincent Astors probably will replace the U.S. Ambassador in Paris any day now." Haberdashery, September 2, 1935: "William Fox, who once owned so much of the flicker industry, will open a chain of haberdashery shops in Greater New York." Royalty, January 17, 1937: "England's next sensation will be the separation (pending divorce) of Marina, Duchess of Kent, from George, Duke of Kent. It is anticipated within a pair of fortnights." International politics, March 29, 1937: "Adolf and Benito have phffft! The break will be officially announced soon enough." Hoover (Herbert), August 1, 1938: "Herbert Hoover starts colyuming soon—in 250 gazettes." Television, September 18, 1938: "The local stores will be selling television sets for as low as $3.95 by October 1." Hungary, March 20, 1939: "Those who like to salute the Hungarian flag better do it within the next few weeks." Wall Street, March 27, 1939: "The new chairman of the Securities Exchange Commission will be Pres. Hutchins of the University of Chicago." Magazines, May 22, 1939: "S. S. McClure will revive 'McClure's' (once America's leading magazine) in about 4 months." Communism, June 19, 1939: "Litvinoff, Russia's best brief case carrier, will arrive here in the Fall with Stalin's blessing." Greece, August 28, 1939: "If Hitler marches into Poland, a dozen hours later Italy will march into Greece, led by Field Marshal Badoglio." And so on.

TAKING a Winchell item which looks accurate, and then going to the source to find out whether it is or not, is more illuminating, and more fun, than simply picking out items which everybody knows to be wrong. This procedure has been followed in the preparation of this article. For example, on April 29th last, Winchell printed this item:

> Some time ago we ran the denial of Dorothy Thompson after we heard that Msgr. Sheen (who converted Heywood Broun) was giving her instructions. We challenged the source again last week after he insisted our denial was bum reporting. He replied: "Her name is still on the list of those taking instructions," and when the good Padre was asked point-blank whether the report was true about Miss Thompson changing her faith, he answered beautifully: "Maybe she isn't changing her faith—perhaps she is just finding it."

Monsignor Sheen, in reply to a letter asking whether this item was accurate or not, said he was not giving instructions to Dorothy Thompson and that he had told Winchell he wasn't.

Then there was this item in the same month of April:

> Sue Brewster has Steve Hannagan's ring—so it looks like the merger is any day.

Inquiry into this statement revealed the fact that Sue Brewster had had Mr. Hannagan's ring since the previous November, in which month she was married to Mr. Hannagan.

Another example is the following Winchell item:

> Stockholders are battling Standard Oil. Henry Stimson vs. John W. Davis. The defendants are willing to settle for 25 mill. But, nh-nh, the plaintiffs want a mere 65.

Mr. Davis writes:

> The statement is only partially true. There never was any suggestion by any of the defendants to settle for 25 millions, or any other sum. By and large, I think it may be said that the paragraph you quote was substantially incorrect.

Even when writing about residents of Harlem, where Winchell's column is extremely popular, Winchell is often at least partially inaccurate. In April he printed this item:

> Ethel Waters of "Mamba's Daughters" and Richard Wright, author of the best-seller, "Native Son," are in high! He's a leader of the intelligentsia in the Mahogany-skinned set.

"Absolute rot," is the comment of Paul Reynolds, Mr. Wright's literary agent, who spoke on behalf of Mr. Wright. Mr. Wright was in Mexico at the time and Miss Waters was in New York. Mr. Wright, Mr. Reynolds pointed out, is happily married and has met Miss Waters a few times at parties attended by himself and his wife.

In order to estimate how often Winchell is right, how often he is partially wrong, and how often he is wholly wrong, all five of Winchell's Monday columns for the month of April were clipped out of the *Mirror* and dissected. In these five columns were 239 separate items. Of these, it was discovered that 108 were unverifiable because they were what gossip writers call "blind" items, in which no names are mentioned, or were expressions of opinion, or were items which the persons concerned refused to confirm or deny. Thus, 131 items of the 239 were verifiable. Of these, fifty-three were completely accurate, twenty-four were partially inaccurate, and fifty-four were completely inaccurate. The percentages are as follows: 41.2 per cent completely inaccurate, 18.3 per cent partially inaccurate, 40.5 per cent completely accurate. In other words, Winchell was not quite half right in the month of April.

The item concerning Mr. Wright is classed as partially inaccurate because "in high" is indefinable and may simply mean that Mr. Wright has met Miss Waters, which he has. Similarly, the item concerning the Standard Oil Company is classed as partially inaccurate because there was a dispute, although no offer of settlement was involved.

Here is an example of a completely inaccurate item:

> Richard Whitney, the Stock Exchange biggie, has become Sing Sing's most popular prisoner. Because he found jobs for nearly 100 released intimates he met there.

According to Warden Lawes, who is professionally acquainted with all of Mr. Whitney's activities, Mr. Whitney secured a job for one ex-convict.

Here is another:

> The real reason Stokowski is feuding with The Theatre Authority is that its agent shouted at him: "How do you know? Some day they may have to run a benefit for you, and then you will need us!"

Mr. Stokowski writes:

> The statement of which you write is completely untrue. I have never had any "feud" with Theatre Authority. I have never had any dealings with them of any kind. No agent from them has ever "shouted" anything at me. There never has been any question of my conducting a benefit for the Theatre Authority. I belong to the American Federation of Musicians but I do not belong to the Theatre Authority because I am not an actor but a musician.

Here is another:

> Mrs. Harrison Williams, often the leader of the "best dressed" lists, is definitely headed for a cancellation.

Mrs. Williams writes:

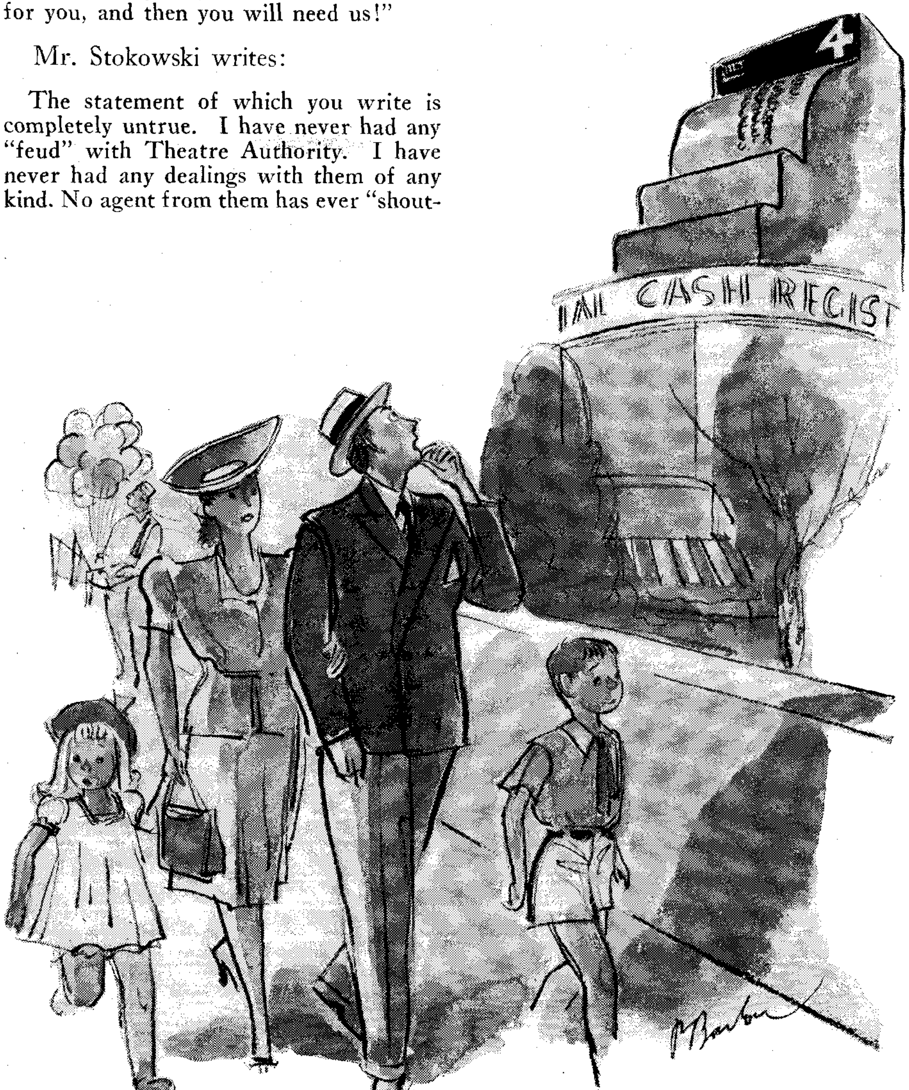
> I am not quite sure what "cancellation" means but suppose it means divorce; if this is true, it is completely inaccurate.

Just one more:

> Jean Parker, the lovely actress, and Val Olman, La Martinique's batoneer, are Cupiding via air-mail. What fun is that?

Miss Parker says the name is Doug Dawson, not Val Olman.

WINCHELL has told his readers over and over again in his column that he has a high regard for accuracy and that inaccuracy in his own column or in other gossip columns causes him intense



pain. "Take it from one who is sensitive about his accuracy," he wrote in 1932, "when you find you've made a boner in reporting something, the blood rushes to your cheeks and you get a little ill. That, it seems to me, is the most severe punishment—finding out you are wrong!" It was in that year that he was wrong about, among other things, the rigid cellophane for windshields, Joan Crawford's approaching blindness, and Norman H. Davis's becoming Secretary of State. In that year, too, he wrote that Miss Frances Perkins would not become a Cabinet member.

If one accepts Winchell's rather incredible claim that he is sensitive about accuracy, Winchell must simply be put down as a man in an occupational quandary of stupendous magnitude. He seems at times to be vaguely aware that his dislike of finding himself wrong and his passionate fondness for gossip cannot be reconciled; it may be this circumstance which has led him on occasion to set down prophetic items every which way on a coming event, like a man betting on all the horses in a race. On the question of a third term for President Roosevelt, for example, he has written at various times as follows:

> F.D.R.'s choice for President in 1940 is Senator Barkley of Ky.
>
> You can safely wager that F.D.R. positively will not run in 1940.
>
> If . . . Roosevelt decides not to 3rd Term it Justice Sam Rosenman will resign and open a law office which F.D.R. will join after 1940.
>
> Insiders say that if the President doesn't run again he will connect with a New York eve'g paper as editor!
>
> F.D.R. will run a third Term!
>
> F.D.R. up to now is ignoring his personal doc's advice against a third term.

Whatever happens, Winchell will probably be able to claim remarkable foresight.

NEXT to accuracy, which comes first with Winchell, it is his journalistic "scoops" he is proudest of. Some of these he considers historic. The three most widely accepted triumphs of Winchell's in this category are outside the field of gossip writing, or are supposed to be outside it. They have to do with two crimes and with the surrender of a known criminal: the killing of Mayor Cermak of Chicago by Giuseppe Zangara in February, 1933; the Hauptmann case; and what has come to be referred to in other papers as Winchell's "capture" of the gangster Lepke, who was wanted by the New York police and who chose to turn himself over to J. Edgar Hoover, using Winchell as a go-between.

CHART

"No other government in the world is beautiful as this one."
My daughter leans over the desk to finish the chart she's begun.

Her cheeks are flushed; she lays down her pen and picks up her colored chalk.
She is a girl in love; it is easier for her to act than to talk.

"The Constitution," she says, and lapses into silence. "Here, this,"
And leans to the chart, her lips parted as though receiving a kiss.

Under other governments there is war; my daughter animates
Government under the Constitution of the United States.

I read over her shoulder: "People elect the Senate, the House, resort
To amending power to curb the power of the Supreme Court.

"The President is the chief executive and is subject to
The votes of the people." She colors him red and colors them blue.

Government of the people by the people exists on her chart;
On it the spirit of freedom still beats in the multiple heart;

It is there, a chance and a challenge . . . My daughter illuminates
Government under the Constitution of the United States.

—MARION STROBEL

• •

The Lepke episode is remarkable in every way and can reasonably be compared, as Damon Runyon and other journalists have compared it, to the finding of Livingstone by Stanley. It was a less difficult but more practical action all round on the part of Winchell and Lepke than the Stanley-Livingstone affair was. Whereas Stanley had to go to Africa and organize a safari in order to find Livingstone, Winchell simply received a telephone call from Lepke. Lepke did not wish to be prosecuted by District Attorney Dewey, who had sent Winchell's friend Lucky Luciano to prison for from thirty to fifty years. He therefore arranged to be turned over by Winchell to Winchell's friend, J. Edgar Hoover. He met Winchell by appointment and Winchell turned him over to Hoover. There may be a question about whether Hoover actually wanted to be mixed up in all this or not; on the one hand it was a triumph for the G-men over the New York police, but on the other hand, it served somewhat to minimize the efficiency of the G-men in the public mind, since they had been looking for Lepke, too, and got him only when Winchell delivered him to them. In any case, Hoover could not refuse to accept Lepke from Winchell once Winchell had Lepke. The meeting of the three was dramatic and historic. "This is Lepke" was Winchell's phrase, flung into the annals of journalism beside the more tentative "Dr. Livingstone, I presume?" of Stanley's. Hoover made an achingly guarded statement afterward and has never said much more about the matter. "Mr. Winchell," he said, "was of considerable assistance to the F.B.I. in leading to Lepke's apprehension."

Lepke's strategy in turning himself over to the federal authorities was shrewd but futile. Mr. Dewey brought pressure on the Department of Justice and Lepke was eventually surrendered to the local authorities. He was convicted and sent to prison for from thirty years to life. Thus the actual result of the Winchell-Lepke triumph is comparable to the futility of the Stanley-Livingstone feat. After Stanley had found Livingstone, it turned out that Livingstone was not lost and did not want to do anything but stay where he was.

The extent to which Winchell's "capture" of Lepke was due to superior journalistic prowess on Winchell's part is open to question. It is the sort of question that has come up before in journalistic history. In 1925, two or three dozen reporters were trying desperately to interview Floyd Collins, trapped by a falling rock in a cave in Kentucky. The

"Now here's where she gets the military secrets."

story of Collins in the cave was a national sensation. It was difficult to obtain an interview with him because the one crevice through which a reporter would have to squeeze in order to get near Collins was extremely narrow. Only one reporter was slim and small enough to crawl through. He won the Pulitzer Prize that year for the best example of a reporter's work. Winchell could argue that he had a more reasonable claim to last year's Prize, on the ground that it was he, of all the journalists, whom Lepke chose to act as his go-between.

As a scoop for Winchell, the Lepke triumph did not really work out. When he telephoned the *Mirror* to give his paper what is called "the flash," the news had already reached the *Mirror* from the reporter covering the office of the F.B.I. Then, too, the *News* got to the newsstands with the story some five minutes before the *Mirror*.

What Winchell calls his Zangara scoop was not as sensational as the Lepke episode, or as widely acclaimed by his fellow-journalists. It was more of a feat of conventional journalistic prowess, though. Winchell was in Florida at the time, and rushed to the jail as soon as he heard about the shooting. There he talked to the sheriff, saw Zangara, and obtained some details which other reporters, at the scene of the shooting itself, had missed. The other reporters were later barred from the jail, so Winchell actually had a scoop when he left and rushed to a telegraph office. There the Associated Press man and other news-service men, who had direct wires to New York, were dictating their stories to telegraph operators. Winchell came in, got a typewriter, wrote his story all down, and gave it to a clerk to file. It was put on a pile of outgoing telegrams, to be sent when a wire was clear. Steve Hannagan, the Florida publicity man, who was writing the A.P. story in the emergency, was able to pick up Winchell's story, glance through it, and include its facts in his own story. Taking their cue from Hannagan, the other news-service men did the same thing. All the news services thus scooped Winchell on his own scoop. The *Mirror* printed Winchell's story when it came along, but played it down, giving the news-service story a more prominent position. The bitterest pill of all was that the *Mirror* thought so little of Winchell's story that the management insisted that he pay the telegraph tolls for his own scoop, which he did. Winchell forgets such details. He has a romantic attitude toward journalistic feats of the kind portrayed in plays like "The Front Page," and he always refers to the Zangara affair in his column and in conversation as "My Zangara scoop."

It was on the Hauptmann case that Winchell was given an opportunity to display his talents as a reporter of an actual news story. He wrote close to seventy thousand words on this case. After it was all over he took careful stock of what he had accomplished. He devoted one whole column to scoops which he claimed he had made. This column was headed proudly, "No. 13 on the Jury," and it reprinted each scoop from previous columns and news stories and noted under each one the date on which his item had been confirmed by other reporters in other newspapers. This column listed nineteen of what Winchell unequivocally claimed to be scoops.

Two of Winchell's nineteen scoops possess most of the characteristics of scoops and have aspects which are mildly interesting. The first was an item printed by Winchell on September 12, 1934, seven days before the arrest of Hauptmann, beginning as follows:

> The Federal men are convinced that they will break the most interesting crime on record—the Lindbergh snatch.

The same item went on to talk about a trip Winchell had made through the new Department of Justice building in Washington, told what it was like, and discussed some angles of prohibition enforcement. Thus an element of coincidence might be said by the captious to have entered into the matter. The federal men had, of course, been convinced for months past that they would eventually break the case, and this had been printed by every paper in the country. When Winchell reprinted this item at the top of his column of scoops, he inserted the word "soon," which was not in the original item but made it sound more like a scoop.

The second scoop was claimed by Winchell as follows:

> For the first time in a year Lindbergh ransom money bobbed up in local banks last week. So sappy were the bank tellers, you'd think they would have detained the passers.—From here, Sept. 17, 1934.
>
> *Bruno Hauptmann arrested! From all papers, Sept. 20, 1934.*

It is not true that the ransom money which appeared during the week before September 17, 1934, was the first that had appeared in a year. Banks had turned over bills to the police as recently as December, 1933. Then, too, this item should perhaps be considered in connection with other similar notes which Winchell printed:

> They've found $2000 of the Lindy ransom coin in local restaurants.
>
> Nearly 30 of the Lindy ransom $5 bills were picked up in the same 42d St. cafeteria.

These items were false.

The third scoop claimed by Winchell was in the *Times* four days before Winchell printed it. The fourth scoop claimed by Winchell was that he reported on October 1, 1934, that "scientists will battle to save Hauptmann from the chair. They argue that anyone guilty of the world's most monstrous crime should be put under a glass like a bug for scientific study." Winchell claimed confirmation of this scoop by the *World-Telegram*, but the only thing in the *World-Telegram* which could conceivably be called confirmation was a story which reported that "a leading psychiatrist" had said that "Hauptmann is not legally insane but he is a distinct mental case." Winchell misread or misinterpreted this in his claim of confirmation as "He is not legally sane." In any case, insanity was not Hauptmann's defence and it has not been recorded that a battle was fought by scientists to save him from the chair so that they could study him. This would seem to have been no scoop.

The next seven stories claimed by Winchell as his own scoops were in either the *Times* or the *Herald Tribune* or both, either the same day Winchell printed them or earlier. One of these was in the *Herald Tribune* the same day and one was in the *Times* the same day, in editions which were on the street an hour or two after the *Mirror*. Of the others, one was in the *Times* four weeks earlier, one five weeks earlier, one six weeks earlier, and two seven weeks earlier.

The remaining eight scoops claimed by Winchell cannot be considered as scoops in the accepted sense of the term, because they were (a) an irrelevant piece of evidence offered by him but not used by the State; (b) an allegation that Colonel Lindbergh had attempted to interfere with the police investigation, which the police denied and which was never mentioned at the trial or elsewhere; (c) a matter of opinion as to what particular piece of evidence convicted Hauptmann; (d) an admission by Winchell of his own inaccuracy in another scoop; (e) a statement that if he had been the father of the Lindbergh child, he could not have sat in the courtroom as Lindbergh did, which was consciously or unconsciously paraphrased by the prosecutor later; (f) and (g) two editorial comments of Winchell's; and (h) an editorial comment made by the late Arthur Brisbane, then editor of the *Mirror*, which was reproduced by Winchell as follows:

> Walter Winchell reports that he has much inside information that he cannot print, but he is sure Hauptmann is guilty of the Lindbergh kidnaping. Winchell probably is right.—A. Brisbane, Oct. 24.
>
> *Hauptmann Found Guilty! From all papers, Feb. 14, 1935.*

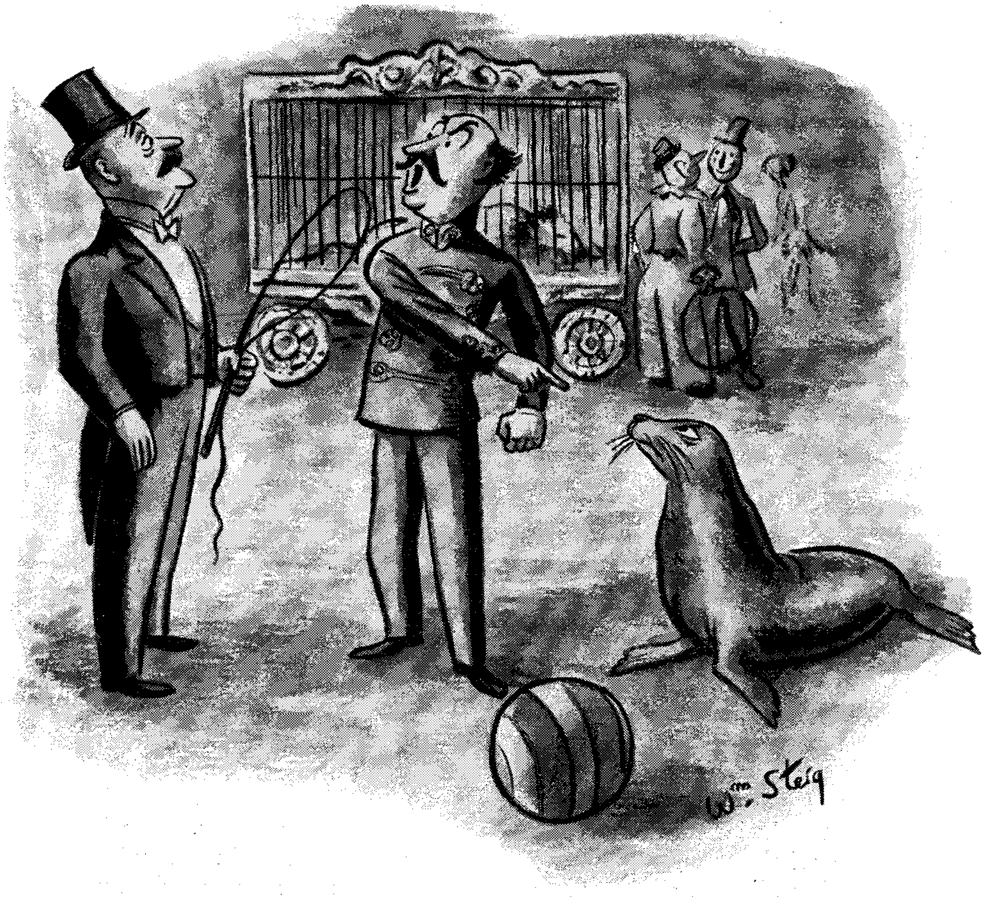
What Mr. Brisbane wrote was:

> Walter Winchell writes that inside information, which to his sorrow he cannot print, shows him that Hauptmann is guilty of the Lindbergh kidnapping. Winchell probably is right. But before executing Hauptmann, somebody should be SURE that he is guilty.

Winchell's claims as a reporter on the Hauptmann case thus boil down to this: of the nineteen scoops, there were two scoops with qualifications; one scoop which, since it was never confirmed, is hardly a scoop; two scoops printed the same day by other papers; six scoops which had been printed from four days to seven weeks earlier in the *Times*; seven scoops which cannot be considered as scoops in the accepted meaning of the word; and one scoop in which he misquoted his own editor.

—St. Clair McKelway

(This is the fifth of a series of articles on Mr. Winchell.)



"Either he goes or I go!"

•

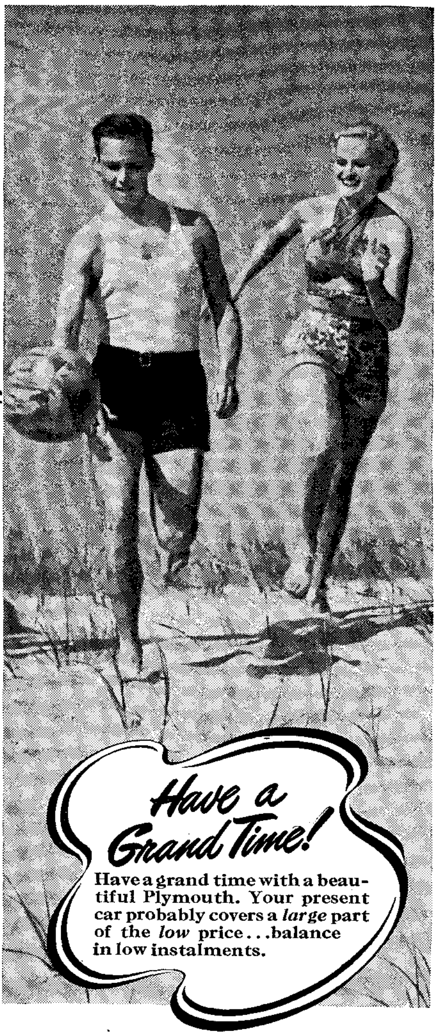
RAISED EYEBROWS DEPARTMENT

[From a church paper in Brooklyn]

The Ladies of the Parish are cordially invited to be present at the 8:00 P.M. meeting, and enjoy the pictures, also the men of the Parish.

JULY'S THE MONTH TO TRADE AND

ENJOY YOURSELF!



Have a Grand Time!

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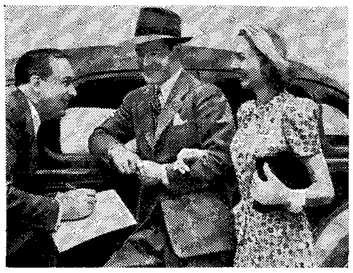

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Major Bowes, C. B. S., Thurs., 9-10 P. M., E. D. S. T.
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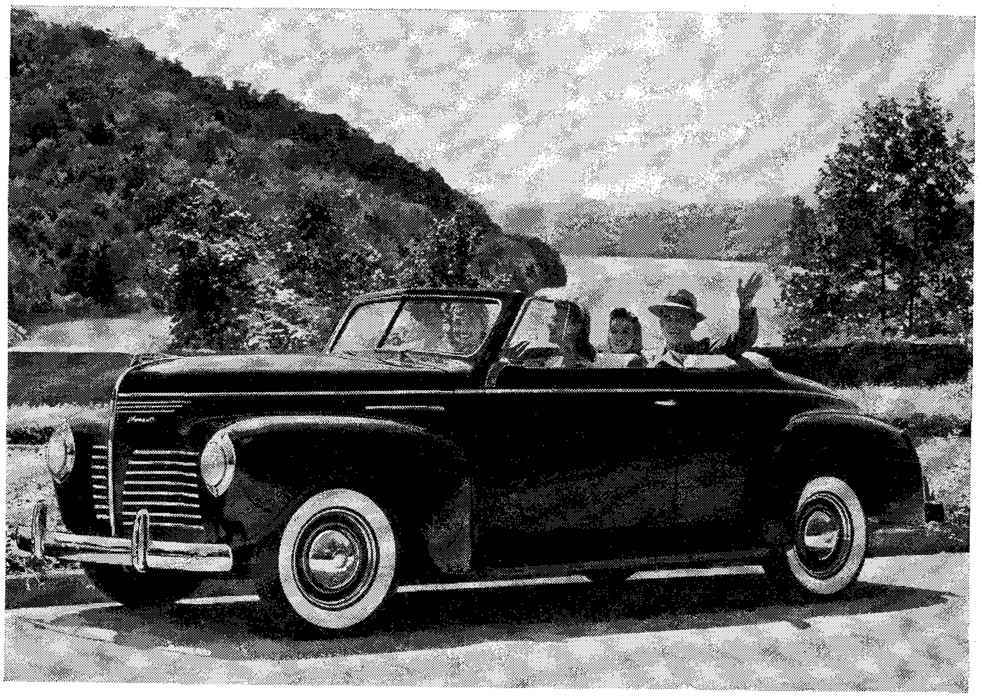
➡ To get a better used car, see your nearby Plymouth dealer. He is offering wide selections of high-grade used cars at very attractive prices.



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You play the Hammond Novachord as you would a piano! It looks like a piano . . . and it produces beautiful piano-like tones. THEN *. . . you start turning the Tone Selectors, to bring in musical effects of: violin . . . flute . . . 'cello . . . French horn . . . and actually dozens of others!*

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OF ALL THINGS

HISTORY will surely accept Britain's plea of self-defence in its rough treatment of the French fleet. The Nazis had solemnly promised *not* to use the ships against England.

•

The Germans and Italians weep bitter tears over the British crime against poor, helpless France. Hitler has made Europe safe for hypocrisy.

•

Congress has appropriated over five billion dollars for defence, and it's just beginning to appropriate. Hitler will be stopped if it can be done by writing checks.

•

The popular uprising which forced the Republican Convention to nominate Willkie was widespread and genuine, but seems to have been largely confined to the carriage trade. What the nominee needs now is twenty million grass rooters.

•

Mr. Willkie is wise to emphasize the Hoosier, rather than the New York, chapters of his distinguished career. The populace might not care for a song about the banks of Wall Street far away.

•

Astronomers recently reported a mysterious object in the sky which looked like an exploding star but had a different spectrum. Could it possibly have been Tom Dewey?

•

New Yorkers are happy to hear that the Yankees have signed up Farley. We hope that Jim is as successful in this great national game as he was in the other one.

•

One gathers from the summer *Social Register* that practically none of our best people are living in Europe any more. Hundreds of hardy souls have crossed the stormy seas to brave the unknown terrors of the New World and the New Deal.

•

The saddest thing about the downfall of France is that its government no longer speaks for the people. The words of Marshal Pétain come to us with a thick German accent.

—HOWARD BRUBAKER

Tamale

sultry latin-american lure

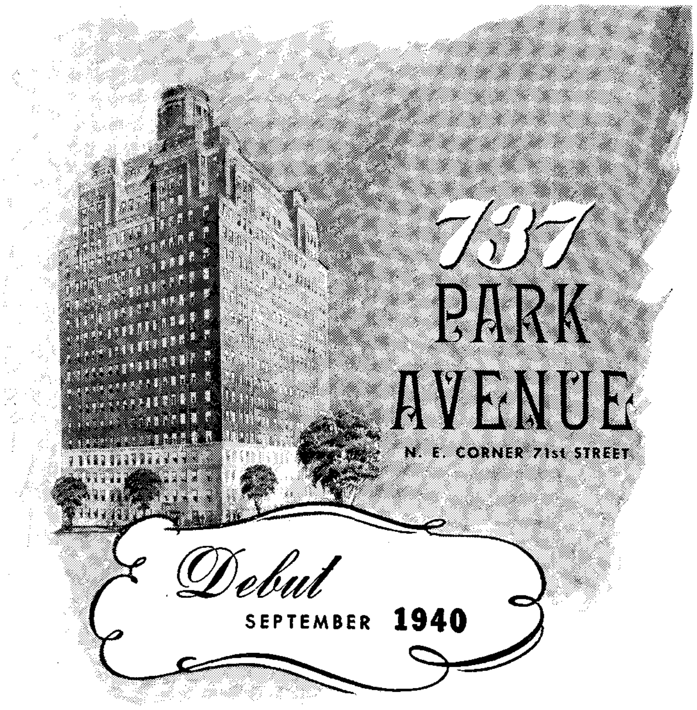
A night of witchery. A lady equal to the night... her beauty rich and sultry... her skin as dark-hued as a tropic dusk. It's you, Senorita! You, wearing the new Tamale Make-Up by Coty! Particularly flattering to sun-tanned complexions—day or night! Wear it and glow! In "Air-Spun" Rouge, "Air-Spun" Powder and "Sub-Deb" Lipstick.

Coty

SUMMER FURS BY GUNTHER

Advertised in The New Yorker

first!



In the March 23rd, 1940 issue of The New Yorker, Sam Minskoff & Sons ran the *first* advertisement on their new apartment building at 737 Park Avenue.

They chose The New Yorker because they realized that the success of any new enterprise is largely dependent upon the kind of people who are the first to sponsor it. New Yorker readers are a compact, important group with an influence that is far-reaching.

Advertising in The New Yorker offers not only a powerful sales impetus to a new product, but an equally powerful stimulus to one already established.

THE
NEW YORKER
No. 25 WEST 43RD STREET
NEW YORK, N. Y.

CURE IN SARATOGA

THE moment I heard the agent's voice on the telephone, I knew prospective tenants were right there in his office listening to him, as his voice was quite false and his diction too good.

"May I bring out someone interested in renting your lovely old house for six weeks?" he asked. "And could you have it ready for occupancy in a week?"

No one was listening to *me*, so I said, "Sure, I can get out in a week, and bring 'em along now. But, Jim, will you stall for a good twenty minutes, please?"

He said, smoothly, "We won't be there for half an hour. I want to talk to Mrs. Bettel about prices and so on. I expect you'd cut your asking price a bit, wouldn't you?"

"I expect so," I answered.

"Mrs. Bettel drove up from the city in her Cadillac," he told me, respectfully and admiringly. So then I knew they were people of money and importance; that was his way of warning me.

I hung up the receiver and began to rush madly. Everyone in Saratoga knows that renting is a maddening game; those of us who rent our homes each season, year in and year out, become accustomed to hurried calls, yet we never get over our nervousness, our apprehension, that we may *not* rent. Now, as I rushed about, I was thinking how funny, how terribly funny, this crazy game was. You never knew, of course, what people would do, or say, or want; you had to be ready for all kinds. I must go over everything, go into each room for a quick inspection of my own housework. First, the living room—was it in perfect order? Damn! Those peonies were beginning to go! I lost a rental once, because I had kept a bowl of roses too long. I hated to throw out the peonies, which were still quite lovely, but they had to go. No hiding them for a little while; in the renting game, every clothespress, every cubbyhole, must be ready for inspection. Dining room next. Silver service white and gleaming? Ought to be, the time I spent polishing it. Everything spick-and-span in the dining room? Yep!

PROCLAMATION
Geh.

I rushed into the pantry—hell's bells! Our breakfast dishes were still in the sink. Only cups for coffee and glasses for orange juice, but I had no time to do them now. I covered the little pile with my nicest dish towel and hurried on. The kitchen, the two maids' rooms we never had use for, the porch? All right, everything all right. Icebox immaculate inside and out. I never knew just why women opened my icebox; sometimes I thought it was because they were curious to see what kind of food I eat. I weigh only a hundred and twelve pounds.

I ran upstairs and hustled from room to room, patting bedspreads, lowering or raising window shades to an exact, even level, looking at the sills for ladybugs. Ladybugs are harmless little things. I like them, but I lost a tenant once because she insisted a ladybug was a bedbug. I told her I had no bedbugs, but she was sure I lied. I would have given the whole rent to have had an entomologist in the house. So now I looked for ladybugs. There weren't any this time.

The bedrooms and the bathrooms were spick-and-span, cool and comfortable. In winter the books and magazines pile up, the rooms we use become homelike and lived-in, but now the house was on show, like a highbred dog, brushed and groomed to the limit.

I HAD just time to powder my face before I heard the car drive in. I went to the door and stood there, waiting. The car was a big, black, shining thing, and the chauffeur wore livery. He got out and opened the rear door, as the agent slipped from the front seat, his face set in lines of apprehension and sympathy, nicely balanced.

A woman stepped slowly from the car. I thought she must be around fifty years old. She was perfectly dressed, so perfectly and beautifully that I actually relaxed enough to indulge in a fleeting moment of admiration. She leaned on the chauffeur's arm and said, querulously, "Jane! Jane, why don't you hurry?"

A young woman walked into sight from around the rear of the car. She had got out the other side and was taking time to pet my cocker spaniel. She smiled pleasantly and said, "Here I am." I saw a quick glance between the chauffeur and the girl. "Is the arthritis pretty bad, Mrs. Bettel?" she asked.

"Terrible, Jane. In my left hand and

Now made in America—
our gayest printed linen

Luncheon Sets

52x52-inch cloth and 6 napkins,	9.50 set
8 mats, 8 napkins, and runner,	13.50 set

We took our most popular imported sets and had them copied right here. The result testifies to the superb caliber of American craftsmanship. Field flowers in all the beauty of their natural colors form the design on creamy Irish linen. Borders in blue, green, gold, or red. Cloths come in a variety of sizes at proportionate prices.
First Floor

You'll enjoy a visit to McCutcheon's when you come to the N. Y. World's Fair.

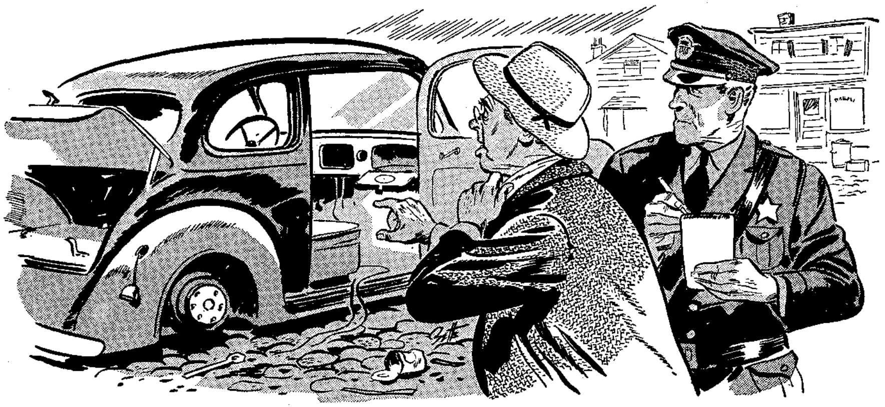
McCUTCHEON'S
Fifth Ave. at 49th, opp. Rockefeller Center, N. Y. VOlunteer 5-1000

BOUQUET LENTHÉRIC
the daytime fragrance

Bouquet
Lenthéric
au parfum
TWEED
LENTHÉRIC

"THREE SILENT MESSENGERS"
In New Presentation. Three flacons, Bouquet Lenthéric, in the Miracle, Tweed and Shanghai fragrances . . . $1.95
"QUIET, BUT WITH A STRANGE PERSISTENCE"

Lenthéric
perfumes
PARIS • NEW YORK • LONDON



IT COULD BE WORSE, HENRY!

Even if your radio, wheels, fittings, and lights have been stolen, they are covered by your non-assessable *Atlantic Automobile Insurance.* So pull yourself together and notify your broker. He will see that you get paid promptly and ungrudgingly, without losing your share in dividends.

18 42
Baltimore • Boston • Chicago
Cleveland • Newark • Philadelphia • Pittsburgh

ATLANTIC
Chartered 1842
MUTUAL INSURANCE COMPANY
49 WALL STREET • NEW YORK

in the other knee. You don't think it's spreading, Jane?"

"Oh, no, Mrs. Bettel. No, indeed. You're just tired from the long ride."

Mrs. Bettel looked up at me, then at the steps in front of her. "Nine steps! Why do the houses here have so many steps to climb? Nine steps, Jane." She turned to the agent accusingly. "You never mentioned these steps, and I told you I get short-breathed easily."

He stared at the nine steps and shook his head, but said nothing. Mrs. Bettel was at the bottom of those steps, but I was at the top, and there are any number of house-renting agents in Saratoga.

Jane said, cheerfully, "Oh, those are nice, easy ones, Mrs. Bettel," but Mrs. Bettel, looking at the house, said, "Why are there so many mid-Victorian houses in Saratoga? You know perfectly well I never like mid-Victorian in anything, Jane."

Jane took her arm and they walked up the steps.

The agent said, "Saratoga has always rather prided itself on its Victorian—" but got no further, for Mrs. Bettel snapped, "Well, I still don't like it." He said no more, but followed her humbly, as agents must.

While she climbed, she talked, and it seemed to me she had breath to spare. "And why those foreign countries don't realize how much money they are losing by making it impossible for us to go abroad for our cures, I don't know." She spoke to me for the first time. "One can't go to places for the cure when a bomb is liable to fall right on the bath-house, can one?" she demanded. I said, "Of course not." Still looking at me, she asked, "Where's Mrs. Slade?"

I opened the screen door and told her, "I'm Mrs. Slade."

She said, surprised, "Really?," and walked in. Looking around, she was pleased to nod, and the agent, brightening up, began again. "The books—"

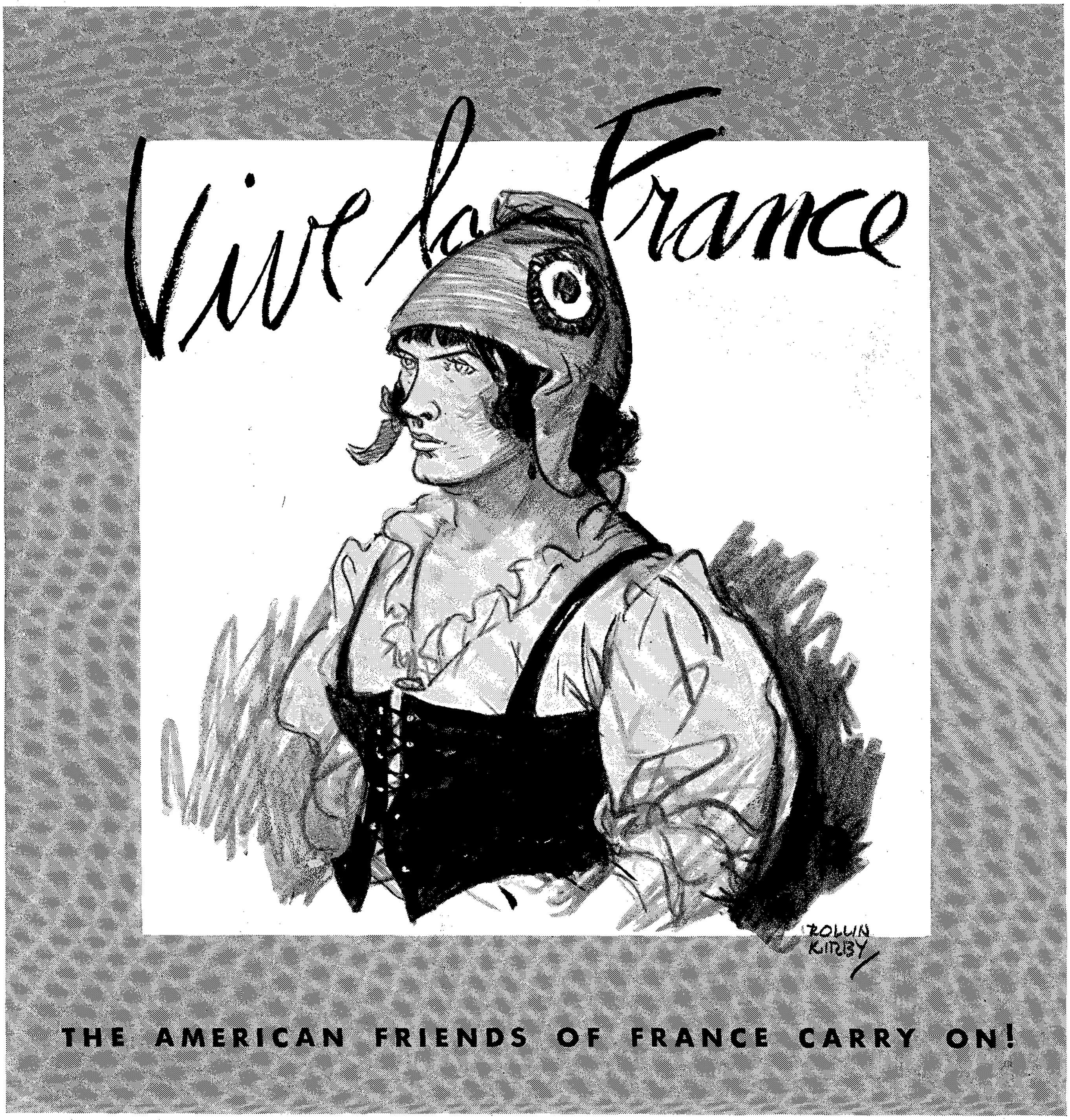
Mrs. Bettel paid him no attention whatsoever. She said to Jane, "Run along and see, and count the stairs, remember." Then she sat down and stared at the toes of her lovely shoes.

Jane turned to me. "May I see the master bedrooms, please?"

As I started for the hall, I heard the agent ask, "Would you like to see the kitchen, Mrs. Bettel? Such a nice old—"

"Mercy, no!" she said. I grinned to myself, wondering if he would never learn.

Jane went into the bedrooms and studied each one carefully. Finally she


Vive la France
ROLLIN KIRBY
THE AMERICAN FRIENDS OF FRANCE CARRY ON!

More than ever France needs friends to stand by her in this, the most tragic hour of her long and brilliant history. The American Friends of France are carrying on.

We must redouble our efforts to raise money for French civilian relief. There are more than ten million refugees in France today . . . people whose homes lie in ruins, whose land is seared and broken with bombs, whose men lie dead on the battlefields, whose children cry for food.

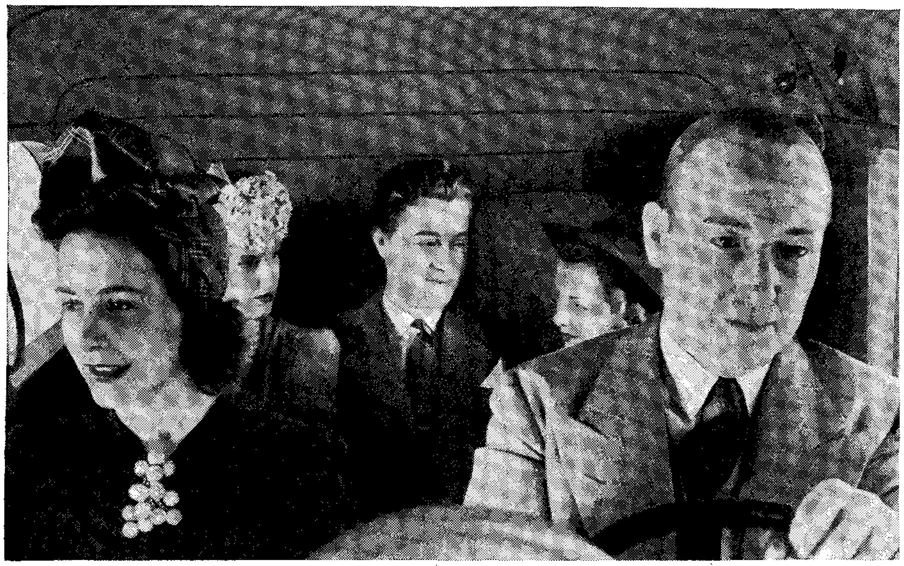
EVERY DOLLAR COUNTS

Buy The American Friends of France tricolor cockade. We have the cockade in clips, earrings and lapel buttons for men—fashioned in metal and beautifully enamelled in the red, white and blue of the French flag. Clips, $3.50; Earrings, $2.00; Lapel buttons, $1.00.

ON SALE AT

The American Friends of France Shop
390 PARK AVENUE
NEW YORK CITY . . . NEW YORK

If our Committee has no office in your town, orders will be filled at No. 3 Sutton Place, New York. (Please send your check with order).



TWO CAN BE COMPANY . . . BUT *Even five is no crowd*

NEW WACO MODEL "E"—FINEST, MOST COMFORTABLE PLANE OF ITS POWER CLASS

● This new Waco Airistocrat is licensed to carry five—and without crowding. Finished like a fine automobile—deep spring-type cushions, ample room, every luxury. And with all this, speed like a permanent "tail wind"—cruising as high as 200 miles per hour—at the lowest cost per horsepower mile. Send for name of dealer.

WACO AIRISTOCRAT

WACO AIRCRAFT CO. WACO AIRPLANES TROY, OHIO, U. S. A.

AVAILABLE WITH JACOBS, LYCOMING AND PRATT & WHITNEY ENGINES

Far cry from the usual
yet so near to home!

Luxurious as an old-world estate—yet charmingly informal—The Manoir is *different!* Nothing is missing at this magnificent hotel above the St. Lawrence. A day of riding, tennis, or golf ends with a dip in the pool, delectable dinner, dancing at the smart Casino. Hay fever is unknown at this unusual, "foreign" resort—so easily reached. And remember, *your money goes further in Canada.*

Luigi Romanelli's famous orchestra

From $8 per day, room with bath and meals. Apply to John O. Evans, Manager, Murray Bay, Quebec, or Canada Steamship Lines offices in principal cities, or your local Travel Agent.

Manoir Richelieu
MURRAY BAY . . . QUEBEC

A DIVISION OF CANADA STEAMSHIP LINES

selected one and asked me if I minded if she looked at the mattress. I told her to go ahead, and she turned down the bedding and smiled. "O.K. Beautyrest." She put back the pad and stretched herself on the bed. "O.K. Best you can get."

"It's a good mattress," I told her, "but you saw the label. Montgomery Ward."

She jumped up. "Sure I saw the label, but she never will. That bed's good enough for anyone, I don't care who it is."

"Do you care to see the maids' rooms?"

"No."

"Kitchen?"

"No."

"Laundry?"

Jane said, "Look here. My job is to take care of Mrs. Bettel, and it's a full-time job. If she takes a notion to rent your house, she'll send the butler up to inspect it. If he approves, we take the house; if he says no, we look some more!" She grinned at me, and added, "Anyway, my part is done here." I made no answer, and we went downstairs.

Mrs. Bettel was still looking at her shoes and the agent stood twirling his hat, uncertain and uncomfortable. Jane said, "All right, absolutely, but there's twenty-two steps."

"Twenty-two?" Mrs. Bettel stood up and said to me, "Why in the world would you have twenty-two steps in your staircase?"

I said, "I have no idea. And the architect died years ago." I was reckless. I knew the decision; it was no go.

She went to the door, then turned and said, graciously, "I do find mid-Victorians clean, though."

—CAROLINE SLADE

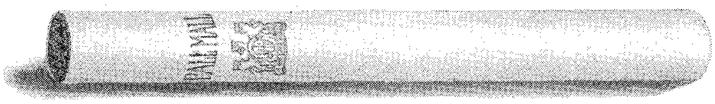
●

THE LEGAL MIND AT WORK

[*I.C.C. No. 40. Joint Commodity Tariff applying from Springfield, Vt., effective April 29, 1940*]

Subject to the provisions of notes 1, 2, 3 and 4 below, to any point of destination to which a commodity rate on a given article from a given point of origin and via a given route is not named in this tariff, which point is intermediate to a point to which a commodity rate on said article is published in this tariff, via a route through the intermediate point over which such commodity rate applies from the same point of origin, apply to such intermediate point from such point of origin and via such route the commodity rate in this tariff on said article to the next point beyond to which a commodity rate is published herein on that article from the same point of origin via the same route.

Good old-fashioned Bulking mellows the smoke



. . . GIVES YOU A NOTICEABLY SMOOTHER CIGARETTE

● THE MOST IMPORTANT cigarette advance of recent years is the result of looking backward.

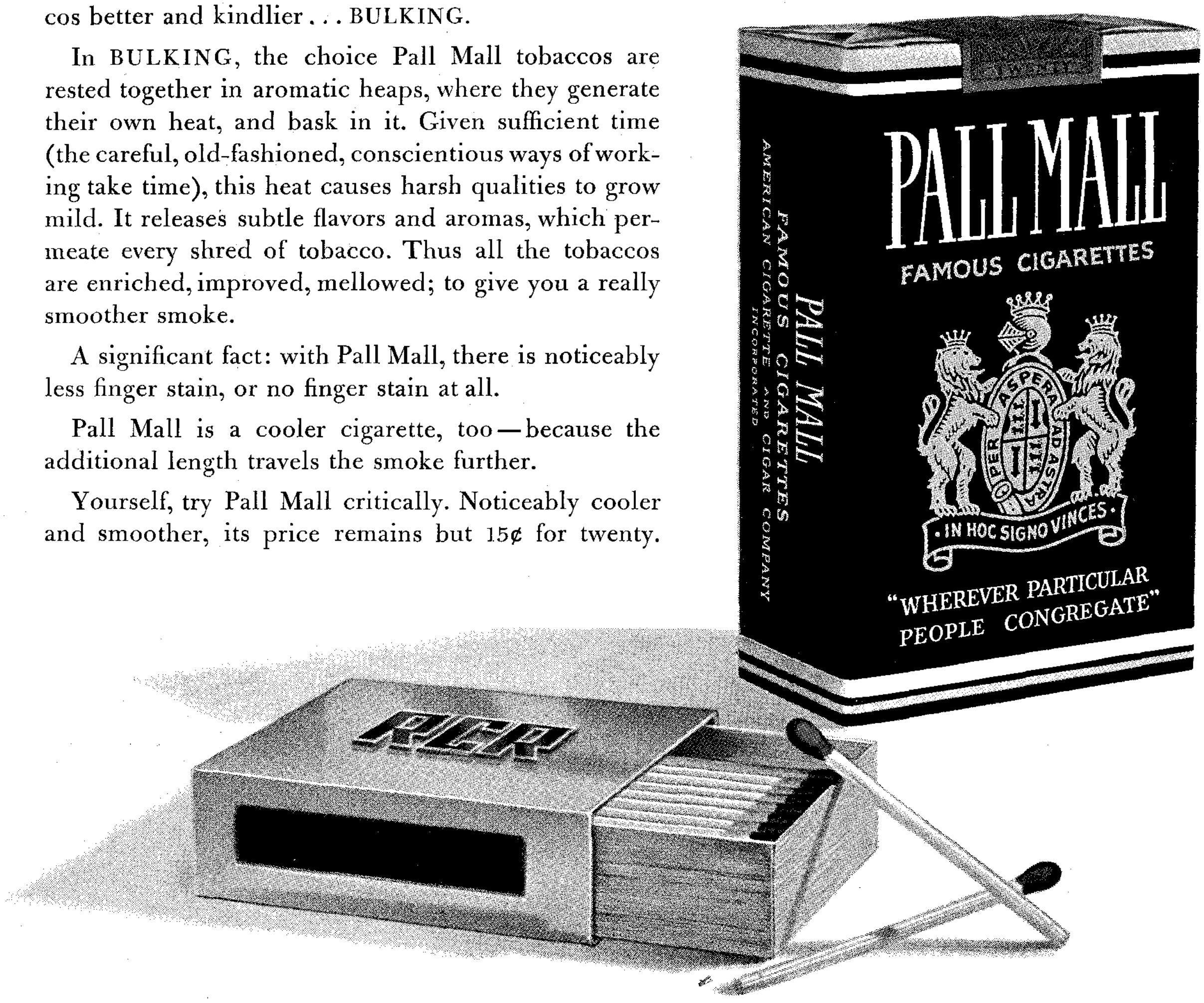
For Pall Mall has revived an old-fashioned, painstaking, all but forgotten method of making fine tobaccos better and kindlier . . . BULKING.

In BULKING, the choice Pall Mall tobaccos are rested together in aromatic heaps, where they generate their own heat, and bask in it. Given sufficient time (the careful, old-fashioned, conscientious ways of working take time), this heat causes harsh qualities to grow mild. It releases subtle flavors and aromas, which permeate every shred of tobacco. Thus all the tobaccos are enriched, improved, mellowed; to give you a really smoother smoke.

A significant fact: with Pall Mall, there is noticeably less finger stain, or no finger stain at all.

Pall Mall is a cooler cigarette, too—because the additional length travels the smoke further.

Yourself, try Pall Mall critically. Noticeably cooler and smoother, its price remains but 15¢ for twenty.


PALL MALL
FAMOUS CIGARETTES
PER ASPERA AD ASTRA
IN HOC SIGNO VINCES
"WHEREVER PARTICULAR PEOPLE CONGREGATE"
PALL MALL
FAMOUS CIGARETTES
AMERICAN CIGARETTE AND CIGAR COMPANY
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ACA

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"WHEREVER PARTICULAR PEOPLE CONGREGATE"

Paul Parker

SKYLINES

These young New Yorkers face a bewildering city of steel and stone. All their hopes and dreams depend on getting through—beyond these masses of granite—to a job!

Sound constructive aid with their vocational plans and specific training will help. These will furnish the skill and self-confidence which young people must have to sell their services to business and industry.

Will you lend them a hand?

(Contributions are deductible from income taxes)

VOCATIONAL SERVICE FOR JUNIORS

95 MADISON AVENUE Mu. 3-7917 NEW YORK CITY

A REPORTER AT LARGE

ECONOMICS OF KUM INN

WE had decided to stop at the next likely-looking place for a long, cool drink, but we passed up the Bavarian Hofbrau Haus and the Wagon Wheel, a *smörgåsbord* sign and Pearl's A-1 Grill. No reason at all. Just went on by them and pulled up, without thinking why, under a sign that said "Kum Inn." It was a low building, painted dark, with small windows. Perhaps it was the small windows, framing scenes of coolness and hospitality within, that persuaded us.

There was a mahogany bar, decorated lavishly with the display advertisements of brewers and distillers, some of them very fancy and illuminated with red and yellow lights, but most of them the familiar white horses and black horses, striding gentlemen in red coats and top hats, and jewelled crowns made of plaster. Fifteen or twenty tables were arranged about a small dance floor, and in one corner was an elaborate coin-in-the-slot phonograph. There were two other couples in the room, sitting at tables, and a broad, red-faced man in a white coat was polishing glasses behind the bar.

About an hour after we had entered, we sat facing this red-faced man across a table on which his supper was laid out. He was Herman K. Miller, the proprietor of Kum Inn, and he was answering, with fluency and gusto, the rather banal question we had put to him: "How in the name of heaven do all of you fellows make a living? There's a Dew Drop Inn or a bar-and-grill every five minutes along this road. People can't eat that much or drink that much."

"They make a living starving to death," he said, and laughed at his joke. "I know. I've starved half to death myself learning this game. Most of these joints you see change hands every season, because the wrong people get started in them. They don't know the ropes and they're too dumb to learn."

How did he get started?

"I came out of a Diesel-engine school a year after I got done with the last war. But there weren't enough Diesel engines to go around, and so I got a job as counterman in a lunch wagon. That was the real beginning of my career, you might say. I must have worked in twenty-five joints altogether, most of them out on the road somewhere. And all but about three I moved on from because the boss went broke and quit and the new boss had some cousin or brother-in-law that needed the job. But all the time I was getting wise to the game. I was writing down things I had learned.

"But I didn't learn quite enough, at that. When my soldier's bonus came through, I put it with what money I had and bought in with one of my old bosses. I knew he was dumb, a kind of dreamer, but I figured my experience and hard work would put the thing over. It didn't. I couldn't make him keep books and, what with running the place, I didn't have time to keep them myself. We took in good money, but we didn't have any check at all on how much it was costing us to run. We woke up one morning broke."

The soldier's bonus, he said, had been responsible for a great many places springing up.

"A lot of guys were out of jobs," he said, "and all of a sudden those checks came through. The guys said, 'Look, here's capital. I'm going to start a business.' Well, the cheapest business you can start, I guess, is a filling station. You can get a franchise and the loan of your pumps and so on from any of the big companies if you've got a few hundred dollars' capital.

"O.K. So there's a new filling station. Then the little woman and maybe one or two of the kids figure they're going to make a real business out of it. They begin frying hamburgers and hot dogs and keeping a pot of coffee on the stove, and the guy paints himself a sign saying 'Eats' or something.

"I don't need to tell you how long they last. Nobody goes to a joint like that except by accident. Well, maybe one in a hundred makes enough to keep going, and then he begins to think he's good. He hires a carpenter on credit to make alterations and improvements—a dining room and so on, and he even takes out a licence. Now he's really out on a limb, because he's got an overhead and he's trying to run a business too big for his experience. About one in a thousand is able to pay his rent after the first year. The rest turn over their lease to some new guy that's got ambition and tramp on down to the WPA office. Of course, every now

FRUITS
VEGETABLES
Chon Day

and then one of those fellows makes the grade and gets a good business rolling. But most of the places you see have just changed hands or are just getting ready to change.

"The real successful ones are like me. Birds that learned the game from the ground up, on somebody else's investment—learned the things to do and most of all the things not to do."

A waitress had been serving his supper. Now three men came in from the road and stood at the bar. Mr. Miller leaned toward us. "There's one of the things not to do," he said. "Never let your girl serve drinks at the bar. Men don't like girls serving them."

HE left us and went behind the bar. While he was pouring drinks for the new customers, we remembered the distress we ourselves had suffered at times, dropping into some little place on a highway for a drink and having a slatternly girl shuffle out from the kitchen to face us. We would have to point out our brand because she could never find it, and she would have to yell back, "Hey, Jake! How much for this Ballantine's?"

When, presently, he came back to his chair, he said, "Let's get down to brass tacks. What made you stop here in the first place? There's plenty of other spots you could have made."

We confessed that it was not the name of his establishment which had attracted us. "Kum Inn," he said, and laughed. "I laugh when I think of it myself. It's kid-stuff. But it don't make any difference what you call a joint. Call it even Drinke Shoppe, and it don't make any difference. The only thing that makes a difference is location and the right kind of front.

"Take me. I had an interest in saving because I knew my wife was coming into some money and I knew I would start out on my own sometime. And I kept looking around. I knew I wanted to locate on Long Island. But you've got to do a lot of picking on Long Island. You figure the big traffic flow, of course, is between town and about Southampton. And you've got to decide which way you want it—people heading for the country or people heading for town. You can't have both. Not many of them are going to stop for a joint that's on the other side of the road from them.

"I knew from experience that outbound traffic is the best. People stop oftener on the way to the country than they do on the way back. They're in a good humor because they're going out to play, and they are not in such a hurry. People coming back to town are always in a hurry. They are likely to say, 'Oh, let's wait until we get home' or 'Let's wait and go to Mike and Tony's. Some of the gang might be there.' You see how it is.

"Next thing is to pick a spot that's far enough from town so they'll have time to get hungry and thirsty. But not too far. They'll stop before they get to you. I spent many an hour riding this road and clocking the general location where people were stopping the most.

"Of course, you don't want to be around a curve, because they'll pass you before they even see you. You want to pick a straight, long stretch of road where there are several other joints. And you want to be next to last in the line of those joints, if you can get the spot. Not many people will pull up at the first joint in a string, or the second. You know what they say about faraway fields looking the greenest. They will sort of look over the first two or three, and the signs of those places are helping you. They are building up appetites for food and drink.

"All of a sudden the customers see the last of the line coming up and nothing but empty road ahead. They're not generally willing to take a chance on the *last* of the joints. It might be a flop, and then they would have to turn back or go on. So they're likely to pick out the next to last."

Was all of his trade transient? Did he put all his dependence upon chance wayfarers, with no regular customers at all?

"Oh, no. I'm telling you how to get them in the first time. Once they're in you treat them right, and they'll stop with you the next time without thinking. People like to go to the same places and not take chances. And people in automobiles sort of clock themselves by their regular stops. You'd be surprised how many pull out their watches when they come in and say, 'Well, Herman, I hit it right on the nose.' It's little things like that that build up trade for you. Human nature."

THERE were interruptions during all this, of course. Men and women dropped in. The phonograph played dance music. After a while a night bartender came on duty, and Mr. Miller did little more than rise to greet familiar faces and make one or two trips to the kitchen to see that all was well.

"You take food, now," he said. "There's the department where so many of them prove they're chumps. Even my regular customers—how many

WHAT SHE SAID ABOUT THE WILD WAVES

"But my dove, your permanent—How on earth do you keep it so lovely?" • "Simple m'dear, and comfortable as well. Thanks to Kleinert's SAVA-WAVE* — '*Water Stays Out—Wave Stays In*'."

Sava-wave*
THE GUARANTEED WATER-TIGHT BATHING CAP
All sizes, rafts of colors. Only one dollar at your favorite store!
Kleinert's*
*T. M. REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

meals do they eat with me in a month? Four or five. I'm not feeding them all the time. They don't come in wondering what in the world will appeal to their appetite next. I don't have to tease them. So I specialize.

"I get the best steaks money can buy. I've got chops and potatoes and tomatoes and salad. I've got hamburgers, of course, but I don't fool with franks. They're for a roadside stand. I don't have roasts to spoil in the icebox or long-cook vegetables. Just simple stuff, cooked to order for every customer.

"People don't say, 'Well, maybe Herman will have something good tonight.' They say, 'Let's go to Herman's and get one of those steaks.'

"I worked for a chump once that tried to serve everything from home-cooked ravioli to prime ribs of beef. He lasted about ten months, because we threw away more stuff than we ever put on a table.

"With the big, high-class restaurants it's different—places like the Round Hill and Frank Friede's and Canoe Place Inn. They get a class trade because they've been in business a long time and made big reputations. I'm running a joint. It's a good one, but it's a road joint, started on a shoestring, called Kum Inn. I don't cater to truckmen or hitchhikers, but neither do I cater to Mrs. Ostrich Feather. And I can make more money out of prime minute steaks than I can out of lobster *à la* something-or-other."

Which was more profitable, kitchen or bar?

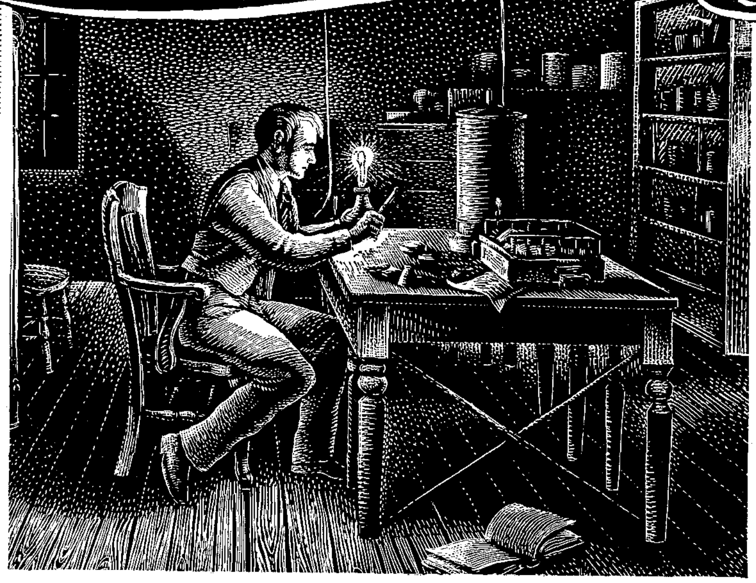
"The bar makes more money, but the kitchen is what keeps your customers coming. You can get a slug of booze anywhere and it's all the same. But you can't get a good steak anywhere.

"There's no waste at the bar and anybody can pour a drink. You know exactly how much profit you are going to make out of every bottle on your shelves. In the kitchen you've got to have a chef, with the wife helping out in rush hours. You've got to have dishwashers and a helper. You've got spoilage and breakage and laundry. It takes brains to run a kitchen without losing. We make a profit on it, almost enough to carry the overhead. Nearly everything we take from the bar is velvet."

We had noticed that he had no gasoline pumps outside, and remarked upon it.

"Too much nuisance," he said, "and not enough profit. The idea of putting in pumps to draw trade doesn't work out. Those that drive in generally want

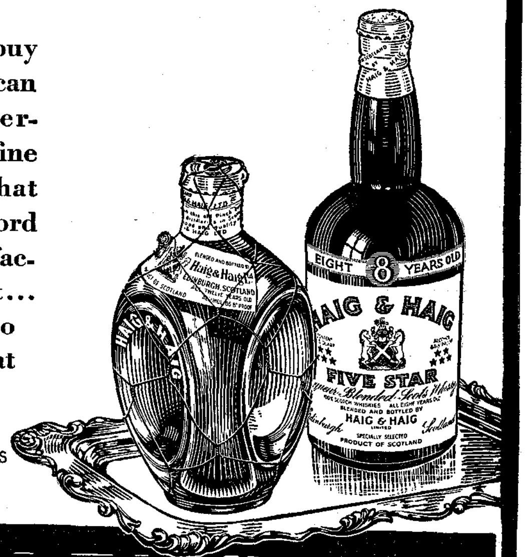
62 years ago...in 1878, Edison created his electric light bulb



313 YEARS AGO...IN 1627 the Haigs were making Scotch!

No matter where you buy your Haig & Haig you can be sure of its never-varying quality . . . a fine mellow-rich flavor that has the unequalled record of 313 years of satisfaction behind it! And yet... Haig & Haig makes no extra charge for its great name and fame!

PINCH BOTTLE 12 YEARS OLD



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When summer suns bear down in earnest, don't swelter! Enjoy the delicate flavor and superb quality of this finest of Puerto Rican rums—in a cool Don Q Rum and Soda, Rum Collins, Rum and Ginger Ale, Cuba Libre, or frosty Daiquiri.

WHITE LABEL *for cocktails*
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IVORY TIPS protect the lips. Also plain ends.

IVORY TIPPED
MARLBORO CIGARETTES
America's Luxury Cigarette

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too much attention. You've got to have air pumps and water and somebody to wipe windshields and so on, or they get sore. That means a fifteen-dollar man on regular duty, and you only make three cents a gallon out of gas. If you want to make a profit out of gas, you've got to be in the filling-station business. I can only run one business at a time, and that's the tavern business."

Any money in the phonograph?

"Well, you have to have them and you can't lose on them. You rent them on a percentage basis, and you can figure two cents for yourself out of every nickel the customers put in. If they play the thing steadily, I make sixty cents an hour."

What would a fellow need to start a Kum Inn for himself?

"Well, experience first. Then patience. Then not a penny less than ten grand.

"Here's where the patience comes in. You don't want to build anything. You pick out four or five spots that would suit you and watch those spots while you keep on at whatever job you've got. You wait for one of them to fold or look like it's folding. And you walk in with a proposition.

"That's what I did here. I took over a year's lease for twenty-five hundred dollars. I paid the guy fifteen hundred dollars for his equipment—kitchen and bar and silver and so on. And I put another thousand dollars into new equipment—refrigerator and vent fans and stuff like that. New decorations cost a thousand dollars. I spent another thousand on liquor and paid five hundred for licences—four hundred for the liquor licence and the rest for cigarettes, restaurant, and so on. That's your starting nut.

"Then you pay your cook seventy bucks a month—that's a little over eight hundred a year—your barman a thousand, and your waitress three hundred. That may seem small wages, but the cook gets a bed to sleep in, and all of them get three meals a day, and, of course, the waitress and barman get their tips. Extra kitchen help, a girl and a handyman, means another seven hundred dollars.

"And all that adds up to ten thousand and three hundred dollars you've got to figure on for your first year. Of course, you don't have to put it all out in cash at the start. You can buy most of your equipment on credit. Your rent and wages are spread over the year. But I'm telling you, you want most of that ten grand in your pocket before you start.

"You'll notice I put in no wages for

me and the wife. We take ours out of the profits, and we've done all right. Been here six years. Got two kids in high school. Last year me and the wife took nearly six grand for ourselves, and this year we'll do better."

THERE was almost a crowd at the bar, and the barman glanced our way. Mr. Miller sighed and said it was about time for him to get to work. He had to help out the barman for the rest of the rush hour. He told the waitress to bring us a brandy on the house and slipped under the end of the bar to come up smiling and saying, "Good evening. Glad to see you. . . ."

—MORRIS MARKEY

•

OBITUARY IN SWING TIME

JOHN P. FLEMINGSOLE,
RETIRED BROKER, DEAD

John Peter Flemingsole died last night
In his sixty-eighth year of living right.
Surviving are his wife, two children, and a brother,
And, remarkably enough, his father and his mother,
Showing their age but bearing up fine.
The funeral will be tomorrow at nine.

Mr. Flemingsole had been a stock-and-bond broker,
A member of clubs and a capital joker.
He used to keep his family and friends in stitches
Until That Man began to poke at his riches.
Then he took to writing letters to the press—
Letters of abuse and acute distress.

Sometimes he wired his congressman,
Demanding instant action on a national plan
To make order out of chaos and square pegs round.
Sometimes he sat in his clubs and ground
His teeth in a petulant, dignified way.
Sometimes he stayed in his study all day.

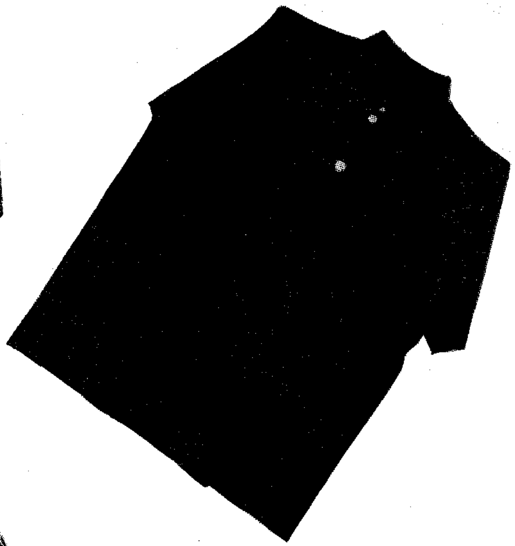
Mr. Flemingsole was a victim of the war.
He said it would surely mean four years more
Of That Man in the White House, poking at his wealth.
This line of reasoning undermined his health.
Following a session with his private undertaker,
Mr. Flemingsole has taken off to meet his Maker.

—PHILIP W. WRENN, JR.

BROOKS COLORS FOR BEACH AND SWIMMING POOL

SWIMMING TRUNKS in bold Hawaiian patterns and colors, as illustrated (limited quantity in each individual pattern), are $4.50. Trunks of Gabardine are $4.50; Flannel, $4.75; India Madras, $5.50; and of Viyella Flannel, $6.

NATURAL PONGEE DRESSING GOWN (washable) piped in maroon or navy blue, is $20. Dressing gowns in other cool, light, easily packed materials range from $8.50 to $35.



THE PLAIN MAROON SPORT SHIRT illustrated is made of Wool Gabardine. It may be had also in tan, navy blue, white or powder blue, $8. Other sport shirts range from $4 to $10.

BEACH SHIRTS, as illustrated, in bold Hawaiian patterns and colors (a limited quantity in each individual pattern) are $4.50. Beach Shirts of India Madras in brilliant plaid patterns are $7. Other beach shirts are $4 to $10.

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CLOTHING,
Men's Furnishings, Hats & Shoes
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SAM H. HARRIS presents
"THE MAN WHO CAME TO DINNER"
by MOSS HART & GEORGE S. KAUFMAN
with MONTY WOOLLEY
MUSIC BOX, 45 St. W. of B'way—Mats. Thurs. & Sat.
Air-Conditioned

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A NEW MUSICAL COMEDY WITH
IRENE BORDONI
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IMPERIAL THEA. W. 45th ST. MATS. WED. & SAT.

B. G. De SYLVA presents
Bert LAHR Ethel MERMAN
In the Musical Comedy Smash
DU BARRY WAS A LADY
COLE PORTER SONGS
46 ST. THEA., W. of B'way. Cl. 6-6075 Evs. 8:30. Mats. Wed. & Sat. 2:30 Air-Conditioned

"4 STARS"—Mantle. "4 ORCHIDS"—Winchell
ALFRED LUNT • LYNN FONTANNE
in
ROBERT E. SHERWOOD'S
"THERE SHALL BE NO NIGHT"
ALVIN, W. 52 St. *Air-Cooled*
Evgs. 8:30.
Mats. Wed. & Thurs. 2:30
No Sat. Perfs. July and August

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HELLZAPOPPIN
WINTER GARDEN · 2ND YEAR

"A PERFECT COMEDY"
—*ATKINSON, Times*
LIFE WITH FATHER
Air-Conditioned
EMPIRE Theatre

THE MALE ANIMAL
with ELLIOTT NUGENT
"Most hilarious Comedy of the season"
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By James Thurber and Elliott Nugent
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Eves. 8:40. Mats. Wed. & Sat. 2:40
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HELD OVER SECOND WEEK
BETTE DAVIS CHARLES BOYER
"ALL THIS, AND HEAVEN TOO"
From Rachel Field's book • A Warner Bros. Picture
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First Mezzanine Seats Reserved Circle 6-4600

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Starts Thurs., July 11th
Joan CRAWFORD • Fredric MARCH
"SUSAN AND GOD"
A Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Picture

LETTER FROM ENGLAND

JULY 7 (BY CABLE)

THIS is written in a village which is exactly like thousands of other villages all over England. It has a green, around which are ranged the Norman church, the two pubs, the rectory, the doctor's house, a small store which sells everything, from pen nibs to dress goods, and an assortment of picturesque and unhygienic cottages that are vastly preferred by the inhabitants to the hygienic dwellings erected by the District Council. It has a ruling caste of squire, rector, retired Army officers, and energetic unmarried ladies, who direct the internal affairs of the community from neat villas surrounded by amazing gardens. It represents in miniature all that is good and bad in the English way of life: the obstinate feudalism, the dislike of change, the love of free speech and hidebound customs, and the Englishman's unshakable loyalty to everything to which instinct and training have taught him to be loyal. On the surface, the village looks much as it does in a normal summer—perhaps more beautiful than usual, because the hard winter has produced a superabundance of flowers. Swags of roses, honeysuckle, and clematis are draped from house to house, creating a positively cinematic version of an English July.

One can hardly realize, looking at this quiet little country backwater, that it has already heard bombs and gunfire, and, since it is just behind one of the zones of coastal defence, is likely to hear more. In September, the war must have seemed far away. Now, in July, it's right here, a part of the everyday communal life. The first air-raid alarm came a week ago, at half past two in the morning. Some of the cottagers, sleeping the sleep of hard workers who are geared to wake up for an alarm clock at five, never heard the sirens at all, but most people got up and dressed, brought the children downstairs, and sat waiting for something to happen. Wardens bustled about and the ladies of the St. John's Ambulance Corps stood by at their first-aid post. Nothing happened, however, and about an hour later the all-clear signal sounded.

When the same thing occurred the following night, people were more blasé and stayed in bed, waiting for the gunfire to warn them to get up and go downstairs. The night after that, the sirens, for some whimsical reason, were silent, but a German bomber sneaked up and dropped three bombs, without doing any damage, on a piece of common three or four miles outside the village. The explosions got everyone up, out, and gaping, contrary to regulations, at the sky, from which the unmistakable intermittent snoring of the bomber could be heard high up among the clouds. The plane came back a couple of hours later and dropped five more bombs, again without damage, but this time it was answered by a burst of gunfire from a battery on a hill a short distance away. Since then the village has heard several other bangs, big and small, one of which came at nine o'clock on a beautiful morning, putting a large crater in the road, blowing the windows out of a small hardware shop, and startling housewives who had just got the children off to school and were starting out with baskets to do a bit of shopping. "It fair made me jump," said one matron in a tone of indulgent reproof, as though she were referring to some childish prank.

The villagers' reaction to these raids seems to be one of irritation—sleep is important to hard-working folk—mingled with disrespect for the marksmanship of the Germans, who are obviously aiming at a military objective some twelve miles away. The raids have also been an excellent excuse for indulging the incurable country habit of doing a job in the slowest possible manner. If the sweep or the plumber doesn't turn up as promised, the explanation is that he is a member of the demolition squad or the stretcher-bearer party, and has been standing by on a warning all morning. Another reaction is a slight feeling of superiority to all those ignorant Londoners (many of the older villagers have never been to the capital) who don't yet know what a bursting bomb sounds like.

IT is possible that the village will have to adjust itself to even more disruptive incidents. At the edge of the green there are now a couple of old farm wagons and a rusty harrow with which the local defence volunteers are to block the road on the day the bells ring out from the church tower. Puzzled cows, going home to be milked, have had to learn to circumvent concrete blocks and strands of barbed wire. One day last week a young Tank Corps officer appeared on a motorcycle, a large map hanging from his belt, and looked over an ancient trackway leading through woods which would provide nice cover for a mechanized unit and prove a teaser for invading troops who didn't know the country. While he studied his map, the local ladies were sitting in the rectory manufacturing homemade hand grenades—bottles filled with petrol, tar, and paraffin, which, when lighted and thrown properly, can supposedly do quite a tidy amount of damage to an oncoming tank. These were used effectively in the Spanish war, and their appearance in an English village would be slightly dreamlike if the life that everyone is living at the moment wasn't dreamlike too.

EVEN if an opportunity to use the grenades doesn't arise, it's likely that the village will be invaded by civilians pushed out of the forward zones of defence by the authorities, and this the inhabitants dread more than anything else. The children, they say grimly, were bad enough, but the prospect of having agitated adults thrust into the jealously guarded privacy of their homes for an indefinite period is hard to bear. People here don't discuss events much, though they listen to the wireless in the evenings after they've finished a bit of digging in the garden. The French capitulation only confirmed the deep-seated local belief that you can't rely on foreigners, this being a fairly sweeping classification which takes in everyone more than ten miles away. Now, they say, we are certain to do better. The village is, like thousands of others, solidly God-fearing, decent, and loyal to the Crown. The villagers will obey orders to the best of their ability, and they will doubtless disobey orders, too, if it ever comes to the actual resistance which the authorities warn civilians not to offer. In this tiny, sleepy, and ancient corner of England there's a spirit which is as important for England's future as anything that is happening in any of the far corners of the Empire today.

—MOLLIE PANTER-DOWNES

•

To correct a misunderstanding, announcement is made that it was Mrs. Blanche Green, 116 Central Ave., who entered Sheltering Arms Hospital and not Miss Blanch Green of Columbia Ave., nor was it Miss Blanch Green who applied for a divorce last week.—*Athens (Ohio) Messenger.*

Doesn't anything *ever* happen to Miss Blanch Green?

Q. WHAT ARE THESE NEW

SLENDERIZING TREATMENTS

THAT REDUCE YOU WHILE YOU REST?

A. A method of losing pounds and inches without the least bit of effort on your part. A wonderful little machine does all the work.

Q. Is there any discomfort, heat or soreness involved?

A. No heat, no fatigue, no effort, no steam. This is passive exercise, through electrical impulse. Your muscles are set to work by a marvelous device, while you lie there restfully and at the same time have an Elizabeth Arden Face Treatment!

Q. Can I reduce just where I need to?

A. These slenderizing treatments take the inches off in spots — or all over!

Q. Can I lose inches off my legs and ankles this way?

A. Yes! That's one of the most wonderful things about these slenderizing treatments.

Q. How long will it take to see results?

A. After twelve treatments, the tape measure will register the disappearance of inches!

Come in and let us do a pad-placement chart of your entire body, to show you what you can expect from a course of these new treatments that do your exercising for you.

Elizabeth Arden

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EAU DE COLOGNE

Shocking and *Salut*

Cool, refreshing fragrances for sultry summer days! Shocking Eau de Cologne — double strength — doubly lasting. $4.75 to $25.00. Salut Eau de Cologne — just making its bow. Gay as a garden. One size, $2.50.

THE RACE TRACK

Post-Mortems

THE most interesting thing about racing at Empire City last week was the collection of excuses after the Brooklyn and Butler Handicaps. For instance, if the track hadn't been muddy, Eight Thirty would have won the Brooklyn, or if Richards, his jockey, hadn't paid so much attention to how and where Isolater was going, he would have won anyhow. Furthermore, if Can't Wait hadn't been blocked in the race, *he* would have been first home. As it happened, Isolater surprised everybody by coming through on the rails at the head of the stretch instead of making a wide turn, as he usually does, and won the Brooklyn cleverly. It's easy to say, too—and don't think it hasn't been said—that if Eight Thirty had carried less weight in the Butler, he would have won. My guess is that he's had too much racing and needs a rest. Also, there was the argument that Isolater might have won the Butler if he had cut the corner again. But he didn't, and finished fourth. This time, however, Can't Wait did everything right.

Can't Wait, in case you've forgotten, is one of the more successful racers owned in Hollywood. Myron Selznick bought him as a yearling for $1,050 and in four seasons has won nearly $75,000 in prize money with him. His share of the Butler purse was $21,000. Can't Wait is a fast horse but not a particularly stout one. Mulling over his name, I've often wondered if it wasn't picked out of that race-track adage, "Suckers can't wait."

MAYBE you didn't notice it, but two 100–1 shots won at Empire City last week. Anyone fortunate enough to have had a $2 ticket on an animal significantly named Dividend collected $205.70. A similar wager on something called Kantar Run would have got you $233.60 at the tote window. It's a long time since a horse won at such odds in New York. To save you the trouble of looking it up, the last horse was Gay Troubadour, who came home at 100–1 at Aqueduct on September 1, 1938. In last week's outburst of longshots, Plot, a stablemate of Dividend (both are owned by Mrs. R. H. Heighe of Balti-

TALES OF A TRAVELER

I Danced 'til Quite Giddy

The cool night sea air wafted into the Stratosphere Room . . . tempting music . . . this is the crowning touch of a kingly stay that includes the Patio del Sol, cool sun decks, surf bathing from your room, the Lido Beach and spacious rooms where you sleep like a babe. Rates from $6 European, with meals $9.

Cruise Ashore at The

TRAYMORE
On the Boardwalk
ATLANTIC CITY
Bennett E. Tousley, General Mgr.

This Trust Company was organized for the particular purpose of assisting men and women who have invested wealth to conserve for themselves and for their heirs.

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One Wall Street DIgby 4-0010

Mission Garden Tea
FOR SALE AT ALL FOOD STORES

WARD and ROME
63 E. 57th St.
Painted Lampshades
specially designed for
customer's own lamps

more), won and paid $60.40. A $2 parlay on the pair would have run into the astronomical-to-a-horseplayer total of $6,221.20. Not even their trainer made one, but at least John Curry, who dotes on long shots, had $5 straight and place on each, and won $849.25.

I'd say that Level Best, who won the Demoiselle Stakes by ten lengths in fast time on a muddy track, is one of the better two-year-old fillies. She is a beautifully made chestnut by Equipoise out of Speed Boat (remember Speed Boat, who brought off a 50–1 chance in the Test Stakes at Saratoga?) and is owned by Crispin Oglebay, a Clevelander who up to now has been more interested in steeplechasers and horse-show horses than in thoroughbreds. Her next start will be at Saratoga. Strange Device, who hadn't been beaten until she ran in the Demoiselle Stakes, was bumped at the start of the race, but I don't suppose that made much difference.

THERE was the hottest sort of tip the other afternoon on a two-year-old called, for no reason I can see, Maerunway. He didn't run well, but he may one of these days. Another race horse in the making is Dispose, by Discovery. He'll do better at Saratoga.

Fenelon will no doubt be favorite for the Empire City Handicap on Saturday, and I daresay he'll be a good favorite, too. If you haven't got around to seeing James Butler's beautified little track, I can recommend it. Better get there early, because the place has never been so crowded.

I would be the last one to complain about the troubles of the three-year-olds, although I have sometimes felt that, with several exceptions, the division wasn't up to par this season. Paddock snoopers, however, say that neither Bimelech nor Roman Flag has been training well and that neither will run until Saratoga, which is disappointing. It's anyone's guess who will win the Classic Stakes.

LITERARY NOTE: One of the clockers prefaces the list of daily selections he gives his clients with, "Top horses figure the probably winner with racing luck and a good ride during the running of each races." —AUDAX MINOR

•

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You'll know why after you taste a Rum Collins made with Rum Siboney!

RUM SIBONEY
4 YEARS OLD
Rum SIBONEY Private Stock

Siboney Rum Collins
1 tablespoon sugar
Juice of 1 lemon
2 jiggers Siboney Rum (either White or Gold Label)
Shake with cracked ice . . . strain into Collins glass . . . add 2 cubes ice and fill with charged water.

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THE CURRENT CINEMA

With a Postscript on the Fair

BEING pleasantly played and agreeably handled all around, "My Love Came Back" turns out to be the very kind of summer comedy a lot of people are glad to unearth these days. Nothing could be more airy than this whole innocent contrivance, though the story has to do with an elderly gentleman's furtive weakness for a pretty young thing who comes his way. As this sweet morsel regards the old sport and his gallantries with the wide eyes of complete ingenuousness—a rôle made to order, as you can see, for Olivia de Havilland—and as the aging sinner himself is a roly-poly Charles Winninger incarnation, you never worry a minute lest anything untoward shock you to death. The Winninger scamp is bundled back home to his wife and children, and a suitable young man, of proper age and circumstances, acquires the girl. Nothing alarming or surprising happens; life trundles along at a nice, easy pace, with a laugh placed here and there, together with a song or two. The older types may have their frailties, but they are good souls too, and the younger ones, strong-minded and enterprising, and a number of them with a talent for music, all come out well in the end.

The other items I have seen this week are a nondescript collection. "Private Affairs," though paying some attention to Nancy Kelly and a bit more to Hugh Herbert and his familiar squeal, seems largely devised to keep Roland Young busy. He is presented as a Wall Street clerk with a whimsical side and is, indeed, kept strenuously occupied throughout. . . . Chester Morris is even busier in "Wagons Westward," since in this film he plays two rôles. He appears as twin brothers, one a moral and respected frontier citizen and the other just a bad egg. The film is usual Western material, at its brightest, I regret to say, when the bad brother is most in evidence. . . . Another violent concoction, one of the J. Edgar Hoover series, departs from the set pattern for such things in its principal character. It is seldom we see a mother as the major criminal, but such is the case in "Queen of the Mob." Blanche Yurka gives the part quite a startling quality and a variety of unexpected shadings. I believe that the prototype for this characterization was one Ma Barker, a parent who astounded even the F.B.I. in her day. Madame Yurka makes her more soft-spoken than, I imagine, the original was, and more facile and inventive with disguises and costumings. She must have been, I gather from the film, a woman who had seen better days. She can adjust herself to the most conventional circles, and states at one time, with the whole F.B.I. after her pell-mell for kidnapping, murder, and theft, that she considers "society" a good hiding place. Aside from this bizarre study of maternal love, the picture runs along lines we all know well, of holdups, hideaways, and machine guns.

At the Fair, just roaming around, I noted that Mickey Mouse has, so to speak, gone into trade. He has left his lofty and haughty tower at last and, like many another artist, has turned commercial. Mickey is working for the National Biscuit Company, and I am glad that he is not too proud, in the short he's made for them, to exert all his artistry in this humble rôle. He is, indeed, one of the bright spots out there, and very popular, as popular even as the panda.

I must say that roaming around the Fair makes you think more about the seats in a movie house than you might otherwise, and I suspect that a lot of people must sit down somewhere and that often they don't care what may be on the screen in front of them. In spite of this grossly materialistic consideration and in spite of the superlative comfort of the modernist lounges in the Ford Theatre, I was able to focus on the little movie Mr. Ford has had made for us. It's in Technicolor, and a very attractive and tasty example of Technicolor, especially so during the first stages, when the film is a fantasy of puppets toiling to collect the soy beans and cotton that go into the making of a Ford. Later the picture turns representational, and it isn't so appealing, unless, of course, one loves deeply any reference to a Ford. . . . The seats in the French and Belgian theatres are also havens for roamers, I should add, who will find there decorative travelogues, left over from the day of travelogues. There are inviting scenes of Brittany and Carcassonne at the French; at the Belgian, I saw Ostend in all its old glory, and a strip of Belgian coast described as "a paradise for light-minded people."

—John Mosher

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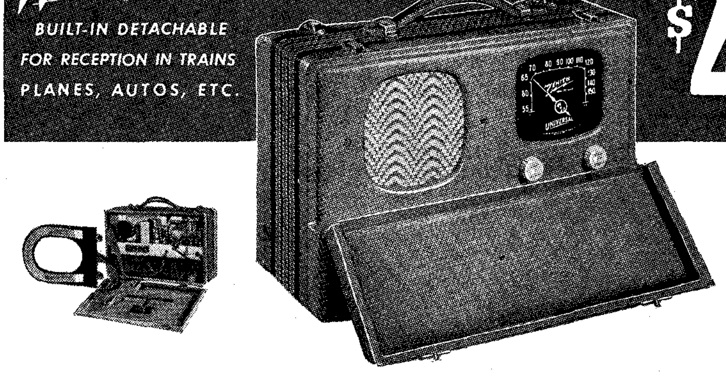

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Engineers of the Zenith Radio Corporation *again* give you a most remarkable invention . . . the *Patented* Detachable Wavemagnet in a portable radio which you can carry in one hand, self-powered with a light, one-piece battery pack. Under all ordinary circumstances it works without outside aerial . . . without outside wires or ground.

LISTEN WHILE YOU TRAVEL . . . PLAY . . . OR WORK

Take this wonder portable where ordinary portables will not work efficiently; in a train, airplane, bus, ship, auto or any windowed building where metal construction *keeps out reception.* The secret of why it works while others fail is in the *Patented* Detachable Wavemagnet, which is exclusive with Zenith.

Check up on your next train trip. See how many Zeniths are playing *well* . . . and how many other makes *fail* to do so. Your money back if *Zenith* fails.

And that's not all! At home, in the office, in hotels, if you want to save your battery, plug into any light socket . . . 110 volt AC or DC. That will automatically disconnect your battery and save it for outdoors or travel.

Has storage space for earphones (extra equipment) for use at ball games, fights or enroute where you want privacy in reception *without* loudspeaker. Headphones are excellent, too, for the hard of hearing.

UNDER NO OTHER NAME BUT ZENITH . . .

. . . can you obtain this radio or a portable that *is, has,* and *does* so many things! *Patented* Wavemagnet—built-in yet *detachable*—combination battery *and* lighting current operation—loudspeaker *and* earphone reproduction—adjustable to varying conditions—reception at home or travelling. Don't buy until you see and hear the Zenith Universal Portable at authorized Zenith Dealers everywhere.

De Luxe Edition in genuine cowhide . . . priced slightly higher than regular airplane cloth cover.

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AGAIN A YEAR AHEAD

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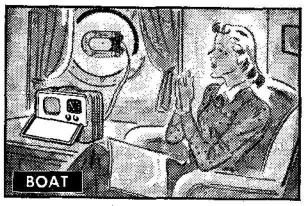

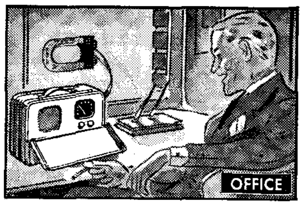

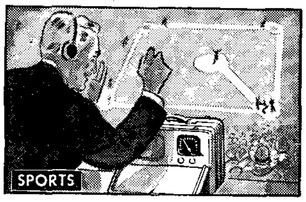

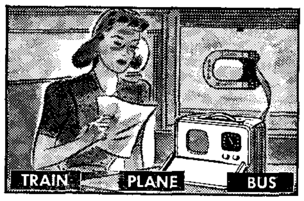

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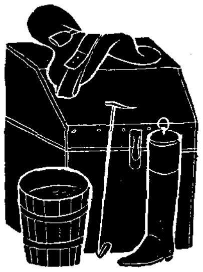
HORSE SHOWS AND HUNTS

The Phantom Team



Lieutenant Colonel John Tupper Cole, captain of the 1940 United States Olympic Equestrian team, turned up at the Huntington Crescent Horse Show last week and talked at length and ruefully about the men and horses who had been picked to compete at Helsinki. Although everyone had suspected for some time that any jumping records scored in Finland this year would probably be made in parachutes, the Army, in an effort to give its stars recognition, ignored Finland's announcement that the games were off and went right ahead with its original program. Trials were staged, as had been planned, at Fort Riley, Kansas. The competition, which was exceptionally strenuous, was staged over three courses, with fences similar to those that were used in the Los Angeles and Berlin Olympics.

Most of the men and horses chosen are well known to patrons of the National Horse Show in Madison Square Garden. The men are Captain Royce A. Drake, Captain Franklin F. Wing, Captain Carl W. A. Raguse, Captain John W. Wofford, Lieutenant Frank S. Henry, Lieutenant William Harris, and Lieutenant Robert Neely. Harris and Neely come from the Field Artillery School at Fort Sill, while the others are all cavalry officers. The horses are Dakota, Dinger, Renzo, King Hi, Fortune Teller, Democrat, Reno Ike, Garanda, Home State, Autumn Mark, and Reno Night. All but one of them are owned by the Army and used in regular cavalry service.

Colonel Cole thinks that Democrat, a rugged, thoroughbred son of Gordon Russell, is the best of the horses, because he would have been available for both the Olympic Stadium jumping (a fifteen-fence event) and the three-day competition for the All-Around Equestrian Championship. The most difficult part of the three-day event occurs on the second day, when each horse must cover twenty-two miles of country, dotted with thirty-five obstacles, and then take part in a two-and-a-half-mile steeplechase. Horses capable

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of accomplishing this and competing in the stadium the next day are rare.

As usual, there were no civilian candidates for the team, principally because the rules of the Fédération Equestre Internationale bar any rider who has competed against professionals in an international show and practically all the good civilian riders in America have done that. Colonel Cole thinks the 1940 team is one of the best ever assembled in the United States, even though it will be an Olympic team on paper only.

BEFORE the depression led to the temporary abandonment of the Huntington Bay Horse Show, it was one of the most picturesque on Long Island. I think last week's revival—the name is now the Huntington Crescent Horse Show—recaptured some of the charm of the old exhibition. As you may know, the Huntington Crescent clubhouse, at which the show is held, was built as a gambling casino. Last week, as in the past, exhibitors traipsed up and down its marble staircases and had lunch on the broad veranda overlooking Huntington Bay. Every evening, after the final class, parties of riders gathered in the club's cabañas and cooled off with a swim.

The high spot of the show, I think, was the very first class, a jumping affair, which was won by the Reverend Father Edward Melton, of the St. Pancras Roman Catholic parish in Glendale, Long Island, riding an Irish mare named Colleen. Few people recognized the sporting padre as he bounced over the fences, because he was wearing dark glasses, and a soft collar and black tie for the occasion. Although many clerics abroad participate in shows and hunts, Father Melton is the only one I have ever seen perform in this country. (One of the exciting moments of the Dublin Horse Show last year was provided by a hard-riding parson who roared around the course in formal clerical attire, Roman collar, top hat, and all.) Father Melton has been riding only two years, and this was his first appearance in a show, but he handled his mount like a veteran. The owners of Colleen, an inexpensive mare, are, in addition to Father Edward Melton, his brother, Father James Melton, and five friends. By winning the first-prize money of $30, Father Melton earned $4.28 for each of the horse's owners. —T. O'R.

•

Gene's ambition was to sing and accompany himself on a saxophone.—*The Saturday Evening Post.*

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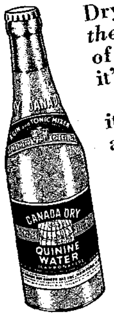

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DEPARTMENT OF AMPLIFICATION

NEW YORK CITY
JULY 5, 1940

To the Editor of *The New Yorker*,
DEAR SIR:

MR. RUSSELL MALONEY's dyspeptic comments on baseball, which appeared in one of your recent issues, would not be worth discussing had he not said, with a touch of Gaelic spleen, that he is trying to turn the nation against the national pastime. I think this is a vicious, Fifth Columnish tactic, and as an old baseball fan who not only knows, unlike Mr. Maloney, who Joe Di Maggio is but who Vince Di Maggio and Dominick Di Maggio are, and what the estimable brothers were batting as of this morning, I cannot keep silent. Joe Di Maggio, to begin with, plays centre field for the New York Yankees. He was batting .305 this morning, which means, Mr. Maloney, that in 200 official trips to the plate he has had exactly 61 hits, or bingles as we sometimes say. Vince Di Maggio plays centre field for the Pittsburgh Pirates, and his batting average is too embarrassingly low for a baseball fan to mention. Dominick Di Maggio is a substitute outfielder for the Boston Red Sox. There are plenty of other Di Maggios, but it hardly seems necessary to go into them all here. I'll be glad to tell Mr. Maloney about them if he'll meet me under the stands.

Anyhow, I am not so much interested in Mr. Maloney's unfortunate failure to grasp the contemporary significance of the Di Maggios as I am in the forces that must have worked to produce such a baseball-baiter. Everybody with a smattering of formal education has played baseball. In most halls of learning, baseball, although an unofficial part of the curriculum, has fully as much importance as Latin or swimming one hundred yards. At my school, baseball was played even in the classroom, in a manner adapted to the situation. The bat was usually a ruler, the ball a wad of paper or an eraser, and the scoring informal. Out of doors, practically all the students, from the smallest boy of ten to the largest of eighteen, were divided into groups of nine. With the exception of the school varsity and the junior varsity, these teams were generally made up of eight fellows who loved the game so much they would have given a pocketful of marbles to shake hands with a major-league bat boy, and a ninth fellow who resented the whole idea and

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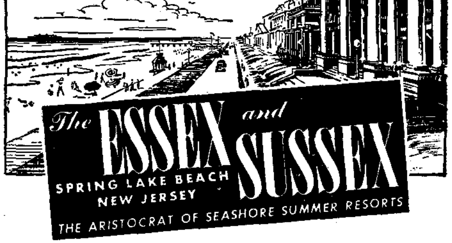

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took part only to make matters numerically correct and to avoid slurring remarks. He always played right field and batted ninth, the spot reserved for the most inept boy around. He was stationed in right, of course, because in small-time baseball almost nobody hits out there. Few schoolboys bat left-handed, and few right-handed batters hit to right field, except by accident. Do you follow me, Maloney? You bet you do; you were once a right fielder yourself.

I feel certain that Mr. Maloney used to be a right fielder, and not a very good one, either. I am sure that when he came to bat at the start of an inning, his teammates groaned, resignedly, "One out." Didn't he significantly entitle his article ".000"? Nobody dislikes baseball who ever smacked a clean triple. I know how this deficiency of base hits used to make him suffer, because although I once hit a fluke triple myself, my batting average was only .054. You see, I was a right fielder, too. I spent considerable time standing out there unhappily, while all the girls among the spectators looked with admiration at the busy left and centre fielders, who were always up to something spectacular. The diamonds I played on were constructed with little thought for a right fielder's comfort; like as not, there would be all sorts of natural hazards in his territory, and when he had to go after a ball that had slipped through the first baseman's legs, he often took a nasty header. I do not want to state flatly that while playing right field Mr. Maloney fell on his head in such fashion as to prejudice him forever against the sport; I'm just saying that I've heard of such things happening, and that concussions are, occasionally, not discovered until long after they have been incurred.

IF I wanted to, I could think of plenty of reasons for my sitting in the Maloney camp now, throwing darts at paper images of Joe Di Maggio and concocting ways to undermine the World Series. Baseball has given me many a headache, but my admiration for the sport has never wavered, although my participation in it was once discouragingly interrupted. I was playing right field on a scrub team one afternoon, and in the last half of the ninth inning, with the score tied, somebody hit a high fly out toward centre. Consumed by an unprecedented desire to do something spectacular for my side, I rushed for it. I stabbed at the ball simultaneously with the centre fielder, a burly, aggressive chap who meant to catch it and probably would have, too, if

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STATEMENT OF CONDITION AS OF JUNE 29, 1940

RESOURCES

Cash and Due from Banks		$ 43,414,765.13
United States Government Obligations . .		29,363,180.72
Short Term State and Municipal Bonds . .		11,751,332.08
Federal Intermediate Credit Banks Debentures		4,895,961.66
Other Bonds and Investments		4,838,143.55
Demand Loans Secured by Collateral . .		14,385,325.62
Time Loans and Bills Discounted		35,114,429.82
Mortgages Owned		2,547,039.20
Other Real Estate Owned		117,009.45
Customers' Liability for Acceptances . . .		1,954,207.31
Accrued Interest and Other Assets . . .		798,274.37
		$149,179,668.91

LIABILITIES

Capital	$5,000,000.00	
Surplus	5,000,000.00	
Undivided Profits	4,447,980.90	$ 14,447,980.90
Reserves		437,025.95
Acceptances		2,175,692.16
Other Liabilities		801,895.13
Deposits		122,352,982.34
Special Trust Deposits		8,964,092.43
		$149,179,668.91

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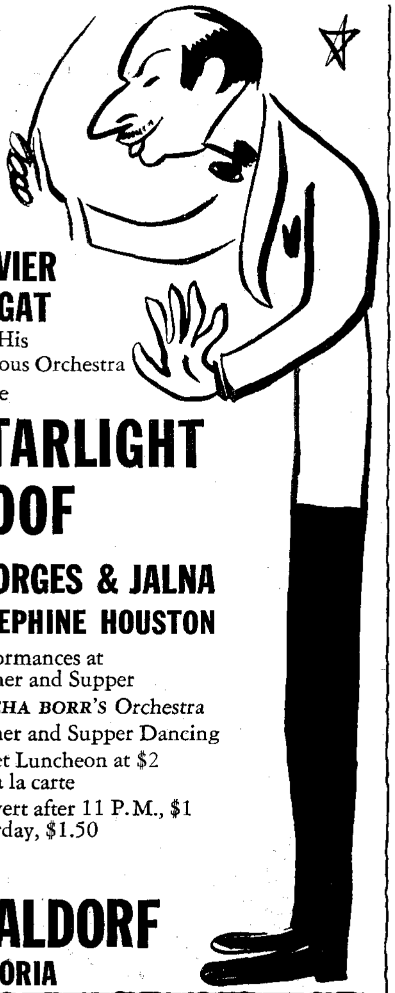

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I hadn't sailed into him. We both went down, with the centre fielder on top and the ball yards away. I had the wind knocked out of me, but got little sympathy from the coach, a mathematics instructor, who maintained with some justification that my misplay had cost us the game. I didn't much care about anything until a few hours later, when it developed that the centre fielder and I had somehow managed to fracture my collarbone. I had to go around for two months with my arm strapped to my side. At the end of the school baseball season, I was given a set of small, red felt numerals as an honorary award, and I began to feel mildly heroic. Having been unable, meanwhile, to take up my accustomed station in right field, I became even more attentive than I had previously been to professional baseball, showing something of the interest a wounded gladiator might have shown in a cageful of trained lions. I even had my father discussing Jumping Joe Dugan at the breakfast table. (Mr. Maloney has probably never heard of Jumping Joe Dugan.) I collected baseball players' autographs, too, and might still be doing it if I hadn't been disillusioned by Lefty Grove in between games at a doubleheader. I asked him for his signature, and he pulled out a rubber stamp and a pad of ink and stamped his name neatly and impersonally on a page of my album. I recovered from that blow as soon as I had torn the page out and thrown it away. Adversity of one kind or another has actually strengthened my faith in the sport, and it seems only proper to me, therefore, that Mr. Maloney should be even more rabid a fan than I am. After all, I just got hit on the collarbone, but he got hit on the head.

Yours sincerely,
WARREN L. DILLON

•

WHICH COLUMN D'YA READ?

Born. To John A. Roosevelt, 24, youngest son of Franklin Roosevelt, and Anne Clark Roosevelt, 23: a 7-lb., 9-oz. son, their first (the President's tenth grandchild); in Boston. Name: Haven. Father John celebrated by taking the day off from the Winchester branch of William Filene's Sons, Boston clothing store.—*From "Milestones" in Time.*

On the whole, our family works and plays hard, but there is one member who takes his job so seriously that not even the advent of a baby curtails his working hours. Don't think John lost one hour. I am glad of this, for there is a real obligation on every one of us these days to do our job, whatever it may be, a little better than we have done it before.—*From Eleanor Roosevelt's "My Day," in the Detroit Free Press.*

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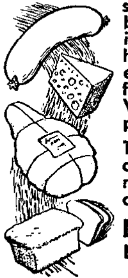

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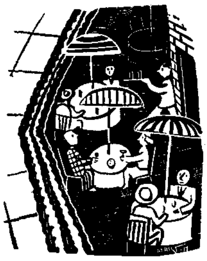

IT'S amazing what a balcony, an awning, or a set of wide-open windows will do for July claustrophobia. Summer may have decided to be her age by the time you see this, in which event you can proceed with confidence to the back yard of your favorite restaurant, but in case summer's still horsing around, I'd like to harp, lightly, on places that give you the feeling of being out of doors without actually planting you under the sky.

The Hapsburg, at 313 East Fifty-fifth Street, solves the weather problem about as well as anybody, with a few tables on its narrow balcony, a deep awning, a pocket sidewalk garden with iron furniture to match the New Orleans trim of the house, and an aura of mint juleps. There is a new maître d'hôtel (nice), a fairly new chef (good), and a new doorman (attentive) who might be the Emperor Franz Josef himself except that he twinkles. The whole place has matured handsomely. The proprietors seem to know what people want at this time of year, which, as far as I'm concerned, includes a bowl of white-wine punch, Sunday suppers, and well-planned menus. On the chilled side, you'll find cold borsch, lobster mayonnaise, good salads, and smooth sherbets; on the hot side, various goulashes with noodles and such, soft-shelled crab *amandine*, and well-met staples, like lamb chops with cress. Don't forget the charming private rooms upstairs if the desire for entertaining comes over you while the house is running on its summer basis.

Rockefeller Center has so many restaurants, with so many constantly changing names, that I am unable to keep them straight. All I know is that I like the two which face each other from opposite sides of Prometheus. The space between them that was filled with ice skaters last winter and roller skaters last spring is now a well-ordered forest of maple trees in tubs, with tables and chairs around them. I don't think the food is sensational, but the setting is so thoroughly agreeable that I don't seem to care. In any case, you get a menu bristling with dishes like broiled sea bass, veal paprika with rice *hongroise*, chicken salad in jelly with bread-and-butter sandwiches, and a noble selection

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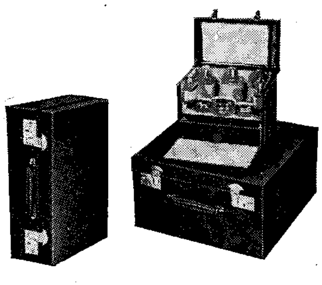

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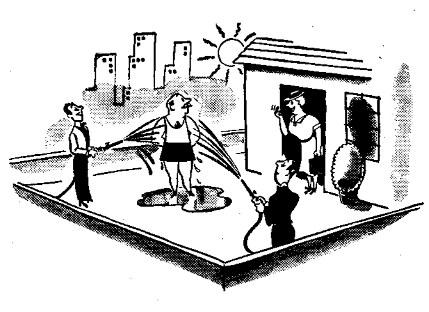
of cheese. With these, a carafe of wine, and the rather loud whisperings of the fountain, anybody ought to be satisfied. As a matter of fact, I am.

The Kungsholm, at 142 East Fifty-fifth Street, has one of the biggest and finest gardens in town. It is flagged, it is a rustling mass of trees, and the iron furniture is painted that deep blue which Swedish craftsmen use so well. In addition to their garden, they make a pavilion of their back room by removing the curtains from their lovely grilled windows. With greenery on one side (their own garden), greenery on the other (somebody else's garden), and a well-refrigerated *smörgåsbord,* you can't help being comfortable, no matter what the weather. You'll find all the familiar favorites on the *smörgåsbord* and nice specialties like thinly sliced cold corned beef and cold roast pork.

Chatham Walk, at Vanderbilt Avenue and Forty-eighth Street, is operating again with the usual crowd and the usual chatter. There is an awning over the terrace, as you know, but if you want to sit under it (instead of out in the open), you'd better make a reservation and you'd better turn up on time, too. The menu includes "sizzling" steak, chicken, or English lamb chops at dinner. At lunch you may be better pleased with lamb stew *bourgeoise,* scrambled eggs with sausage cakes and potato, or cold chicken-and-veal pie with string-bean salad. The homemade goose-liver *pâté* provides a good start any time.

The privet-hedged sidewalk at the Brevoort is all that consoles me for the changes in the old café inside—now so very stylish and so very, very successful. The staff isn't any too broad-minded about lowering the awning on evenings when it makes all the difference between contentment and despair, but the food is fine, anyway. Crab *ravigote,* jumbo squab *en cocotte mascotte, noisettes d'agneau bourguignonne,* and *pêche flambée* are a few of the things you'll see on the menu. Just about everything else you can think of is there, too.

The garden Chez Jean, at 11 East Sixtieth Street, is better at night, I think, though plenty of people seem to enjoy eating under the umbrellas while the sun is up. The food is just downright good, and that's all there is to it. Oxtail soup with sherry (if you're a hot-soup eater), *poulet cocotte bourgeoise, poulet sauté à l'estragon* (than which almost nothing can be better), and guinea hen Hungarian style are year-round temptations. If, on the other hand, you believe in cold food for hot



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weather, you'll always find something like beef à la mode in jelly with a salad, or cold Kennebec salmon.

Charles A La Pomme Soufflée, at 157 East Fifty-fifth Street, has a few features that meet with less than complete approval on my part (such as the absence of printed menus and vagueness in the matter of prices), but I must admit that the *pommes soufflées* alone are enough to take me back there year after year. This is one of the really practical gardens, with well-arranged awnings that let the fresh air in and keep the soot and the rain out. The menu is got up with imagination and the food is well cooked.

Before abandoning gardens, let me say that the following restaurants mentioned in this department on other occasions still rank with the best: La Chaumière, 163 East Fifty-sixth Street; Au Canari d'Or, 132 East Sixty-first Street; Maud Chez Elle, 151 East Forty-ninth Street; the Marguery, Vanderbilt Avenue and Forty-seventh Street; the Ritz's Japanese Garden (all French so far); Fornos, 236 West Fifty-second Street (Spanish), and Leone's, 239 West Forty-eighth Street (Italian). Any one of them may be just what you're looking for.

I DON'T think even café society will be able to spoil Féfé Ferry's new Café Pierre at Fifth Avenue and Sixty-first Street. Franklin Hughes is responsible for decorating the first place in town to remind you of once genial and glamorous spots like the Crillon Bar in Paris and Harry's Bar in Venice. It's good for any time after breakfast. It's even good for breakfast, if you find yourself on a milk-punch diet. Things like cold gumbo jelly, omelet with new peas, and delicious stewed fresh fruits appear on the lunch menus, and such grandeurs as sea bass *poché paillard*, duckling *poularde*, and *tous les fromages et tous les fruits de saison* at dinner. You can dine without delay if you say you are going to the theatre, or you can arrange for a more leisurely supper afterward if you like. The place is yours. —SOUBISE

•

CLEVELAND, June 13.—The Detroit Tigers and the Cleveland Indians were tied here today in a postponed game played before the Tigers return to Detroit to begin a home stand Friday.

The Tigers retained second place in the standings.

The Indians replaced the Tigers in second place.—*Detroit News.*

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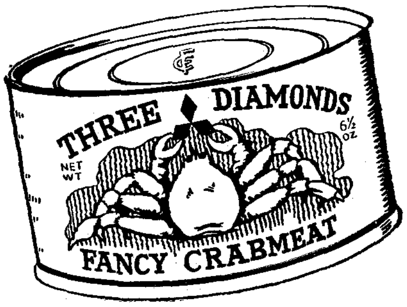

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ALL THEY DO IS TALK

LATE in the afternoon I went downstairs and sat on a sofa in the lobby. It was a decent, second-rate hotel just east of Lexington Avenue, good enough for its news counter to carry some best-sellers and a small rack of Oxford Pocket Classics. In front of the counter, a girl in a light print dress was studying the headlines of the papers. She took a long look at her wristwatch with an air of demonstrating her annoyance at being kept waiting. Then, as the clerk turned his back to answer the phone, she reached out and, with a marvelously deft motion, slipped one of the Oxford books into her bag. An open pack of cigarettes appeared in her hand so quickly and casually that the whole thing looked like a parlor stunt. She searched in her bag for a match and, not finding one, walked across the lobby and sat down at the other end of my sofa.

"Could I have a light?" she said.

I must have been bewildered, because I broke the first match. When her cigarette was lighted she took several long drags before thanking me.

"Waiting for someone?" she said.

"No."

"I was, but it doesn't look like he's going to show up. Like to have a drink with me?" She smiled.

"I'd be glad to. Only you must have it with me."

She was not a very good-looking girl, but well enough set up, tall. We stood up and I turned to go into the grill.

"Not here," she said. "I know a better place."

We went out through the revolving door. She took my arm and smiled again.

"There's a bar on the corner where they got pretty good service, but we can go straight to my place if you like."

Up to that point, I confess, I had no idea what she was about. Perhaps that is because I grew up in New York, where there is almost no open soliciting. I think I was a little disappointed. The Oxford Classics aspect of it had no doubt led me to anticipate something else—a great-niece of President McKinley, say, determined to make good on the stage and struggling along in New York, spurned by her family.

"Let's go to the bar with the good service," I said.

It was a large, clean place on the Third Avenue corner, and we took an alcove. The waiter knew her. She ordered a double Scotch.

"What's the matter with me, anyway?" she asked. "Don't you think I'm nice?"

"Yes, I do. I'd just rather talk."

"I never seen so *many* guys who'd just rather talk. Either there's something the matter with me or it's them."

"It's them."

"Must be this war or something. You'd think all this talk about us going in would make them say what the hell, I might as well get a good time while the getting's good. Instead, they just sit around talking or making you talk."

"You needn't talk," I said. "Have a sandwich with me?"

"I'll have another Scotch, if you don't mind," she said. "I didn't mean to hurt your feelings. It's only that you'd think there was nothing else to talk about except tanks and *Blitzkriegs* and how I happened to get into this line and how I like it."

"What do you tell them?"

"You mean you want to know too, don't you?"

"No, I mean what do you tell them?"

"About how I like it?"

"Yes."

"Oh, different things. Mostly I say I'd like it fine if they were all like the guy who asked the question. But sometimes I tell them other things. This morning I said to a fellow, 'Supposing you go into a subway car and take a good look at the faces of all the guys across the aisle and then you make out you're me—that's what it's like.' So he starts talking about the war. You'd think Hitler was riding down Broadway in the Mayor's car already."

The waiter brought my sandwich and her drink.

"Well, it's no skin off my back," she said. "I don't care if they give him the key to the city."

"Who?"

"Hitler. Maybe a war is just what the men in this country need to wake them up. Talk, talk is all they do."

"I hadn't meant to insist on talking," I said. "I just couldn't go off with you on account of an oath I took to remain pure until the right girl should come along, a little homebody with a yearly income of forty thousand dollars."

"Oh, you're the kidding type," she said.

I felt foolish sitting there, because I really did want to ask her questions and would have if she hadn't told me how she felt about people who just talk. I also felt a little guilty about taking up her time. The cut she was getting off the drinks could not have amounted to much, particularly since, after the third round, we got one on the house. The way she tucked in Scotch was so infectious that I tried to match it, and my whole impression of her became somewhat blurred. At any rate, she was not a Maugham prostitute who hated men or a Dostoevski one who loved humanity or a Proust one who earned her coffee-and by whipping chained dukes in dank cellars or an Albert Payson Terhune one given to breeding collies. I thought maybe she was just a rank-and-file Brooklyn girl who probably disliked Bill Terry and went to boo him at Ebbets Field on Ladies' Day.

"Don't get me wrong about this war business," she said after an interval of tablecloth sketching. "I don't want to see it spread to this country any more than you do. I got a kid brother liable to the draft. All I mean is, something's got to be done to stir things up. The town's shot to hell with all this talk and nothing else but. Don't you ever get sick of listening to people talk?"

"Sure."

"It isn't just men, either. Women, too. I travelled on the 'L' with one of them yesterday. She had a little kid with her and this kid kept yowling and trying to climb out of the window. So the woman says, 'Mabel, if you keep quiet and behave until we get home, I'll let you eat the cheese out of the mousetrap like you wanted to.' Don't you think that's a dumb thing to say?"

"Absolutely," I said. "Never make children promises you don't intend to keep."

"You know, a funny thing, I believe people would be better off if they just shut up ninety-nine times out of a hundred. It's different when you have a drink or two. I bet a woman dumb enough to say that to a kid is dumb enough to do it. *I* could bring up a kid better than that, God forbid."

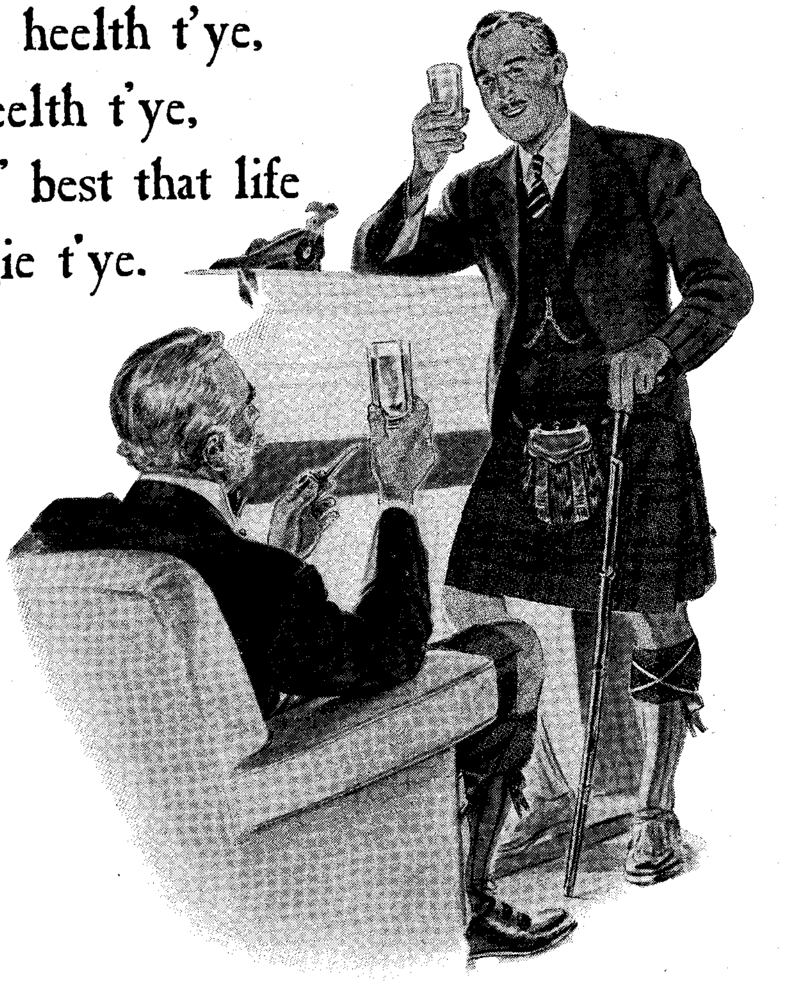
"So could I."

"If I had a kid, I'd tell her all about me before somebody else did it. I'd tell her the same thing I told the fellow this morning about the faces of the guys in the subway, so she'd know what I was up against. I wouldn't mind so much if it wasn't for all this talk, talk."

The waiter had drifted around again, but I couldn't afford to buy any more drinks. When she sensed that, she took out her makeup kit and began to apply rouge. The Oxford book slid partly out of her bag lying open on the table. It was "Selected French Short Stories." I glanced at the table of contents and it listed Stendhal, Balzac, Villiers de l'Isle-Adam. We got ready to leave. She replaced the book in her bag.

"I haven't read this yet," she said, "but it ought to be pretty snappy. French, you know." She winked.

—Edward Newhouse



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MUSICAL EVENTS

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There are some five Tchaikovsky recordings in the recent listings. A set of excerpts from the ballet "The Sleeping Beauty" (Victor M-673) are played in a charming ballet manner by the Sadler's Wells Orchestra, directed by Constant Lambert. An assortment of Tchaikovsky songs, not all of them well known, is sung with artistry and restraint (maybe that's redundant) by Mme. Maria Kurenko to piano accompaniments from Sergei Tarnowsky (Victor M-678). The latest—up to this writing—version of the quartet in D-major is that of the Roth String Quartet (Columbia M-407), and I think you'll find it O.K. in every way. Victor adds to the catalogue of "Nutcracker" Suite albums with a crisply played offering by the London Philharmonic, led by Eugene Goossens (Victor G-5). It's a black-label, popular-priced bargain, a bit light tonally but good value. There's a substantial recording of the fifth symphony by the Cleveland orchestra, Artur Rodzinski leading (Columbia M-406), which isn't a mandatory replacement for its predecessors, although worth an audition if you're choosing around among the various albums available.

A couple of recent Ravel albums are the second "Daphnis and Chloë" Suite (Victor M-667), provided by Eugene Ormandy and the Philadelphia Orchestra, which is notable for the richness of the recording, and the Introduction and Allegro for harp, strings, and winds (Columbia X-167). This is more of a novelty, and the performance by Miss Laura Newell, the Stuyvesant String Quartet, and John Wummer and Ralph McLane is excellent.

BEETHOVEN'S fourth symphony has practically a definitive recording by Arturo Toscanini and the B.B.C. Symphony (Victor M-676), and the same characterization might apply to

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Haydn's "London" Symphony, by Sir Thomas Beecham and the London Philharmonic (Columbia M-409), and Artur Schnabel's playing of Brahms' first piano concerto to enthusiastic orchestral coöperation from Georg Szell and the London Philharmonic (Victor M-677). In its way, the recording of Dvořák's so-called "second" symphony—actually his seventh—presented by the Czech Philharmonic under Vaclav Talich, is equally impressive. It's engaging music, sometimes up the Brahms alley.

ADMIRERS of the performances of Mme. Povla Frijsh will acquire instantly "Povla Frijsh Presents Art Songs," a first volume by Mme. Frijsh in which there are two songs by Fauré, one by Schubert ("Gruppe aus dem Tartarus," and, for me, the prize of the collection), three by Schumann, a Gluck air, and Danish and Norwegian items (Victor M-668). Mme. Frijsh's musicianship and sensitivity authoritatively present the art songs, but these art songs don't present the full range of Mme. Frijsh's accomplishments. Maybe the next volume will demonstrate such elements as the humor that she can convey.

Jussi Bjoerling, the Metropolitan tenor, whose discs so far have run principally to arias, has a small session with art songs on Victor 12831, and it's a highly satisfactory affair. One doesn't often hear Schubert's "An die Leier" sung by so fine a voice, and shorter songs by Alfven and Cklof are completely effective.

THE engagement of Dimitri Mitropoulos as one of the Philharmonic-Symphony's visiting maestri for next season lends additional interest to his recording of Prokofieff's "Classical" Symphony with his home orchestra, the Minneapolis Symphony (Columbia X-166). Mr. Mitropoulos is rather on the socky side in his treatment of the Prokofieff composition, but he draws an alert and flexible performance from his men. For extra measure, there's the scherzo from Mendelssohn's octet, Opus 20, which comes through handsomely.

—R. A. S.

•

YOICKS!

LAMAR, Mo., June 18.—(AP)—Paul Gordon, 15, watched a squirrel disappear into a hole in a tree. He climb the tree, poked his wife through the hole and fired. The bullet tore through the tree and wounded him in the leg.—*Providence Bulletin.*

Yoicks! Which leg?

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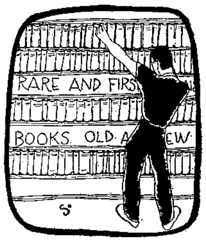


It is notable but by no means surprising that in a period of considerable literary vulgarity like ours a writer who practices good manners should, for this reason alone, win much good will. I'm thinking of Somerset Maugham. Though variously rated, Maugham is generally admired. He's admired, particularly by other writers, for his detachment, his clear, uninflated conception of his talents, and his ability to deliver exactly what he promises, neither more nor less. He has no poses, no tricks of self-advertisement. He does not proclaim his genius, nor, on the other hand, does he coyly minimize his talent. He is that rare bird, a good writer who is also a sensible man.

The foreword to his latest collection of short stories is characteristic. Borrowing the phrase from a reviewer who had used it in a depreciatory sense, he calls his book "The Mixture as Before." Maugham believes that if a writer lives long enough, he will in the end give out, his powers will seem to fail, he will have created all the characters of which he is capable. It is then, says Maugham, that "he must be content, he must rejoice even, if a new work which he tenders to the approbation of the public shows no falling off; if, in fact, it can truthfully be called The Mixture as Before.... I have now written between eighty and ninety stories, I shall not write any more; I am quite satisfied if the readers of this collection, should they remember any of those I have written in the past, agree that I have not been overbold in giving it the title I have." How many living literary figures can you name who could assay themselves as calmly and state the situation with such admirable good sense?

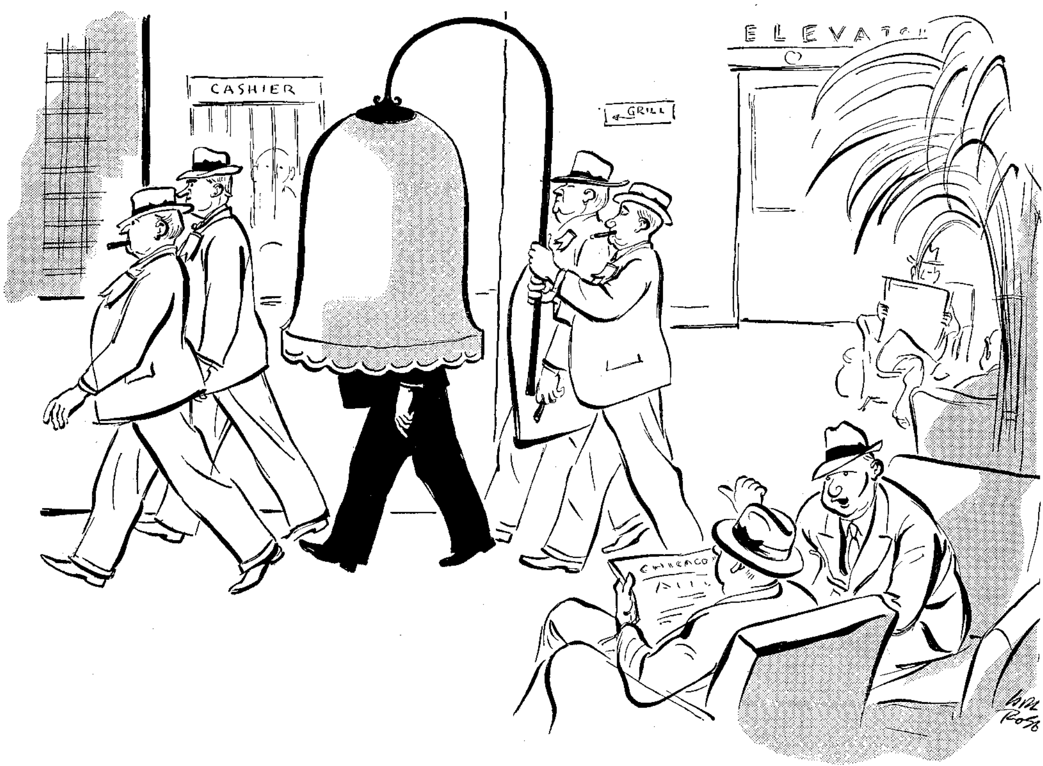
Maugham, as usual when he talks about his own work, makes no error in judgment. These stories are no worse and no better than the average Maugham tale. They show no weakening of constructive skill, ingenuity, or even originality. "The reader should be satisfied," writes the author, "if in any collection of these short pieces of fiction he finds a general level of competence and on closing the book feels that he has been amused, interested, and moved." That is precisely how you feel when you finish "The Mixture as Before." There is nothing in it to remember a year from now, but you have been amused, interested, and moved. Maugham rarely lifts you up; he never lets you down.

Most of these ten stories turn on a favorite and well-worn observation of the author's: that, given a situation of sufficient strangeness or tensity, ordinary persons are capable of the most extraordinary conduct. Maugham's interest is in the incalculable. It is this interest that gives so much of his work its quality of melodrama and its atmosphere of suspense. The penal-colony yarn, "A Man with a Conscience," is about a French clerk who kills his wife for a reason you would hardly suspect and which he himself did not suspect at the moment of the murder. "The Lotus Eater" tells the story of a man with a total lack of personality who is nevertheless capable of a single strange gesture that deflects his life for thirty years. "The Treasure" has to do with a perfect housekeeper and her perfect master and how they first marred and then remade the perfection of their relationship—a delightful, sly story.

For Maugham, there are no monolithic personalities. As Epicurus introduced the swerve of the atoms to make a certain amount of free will possible, so Maugham allows for human contradictoriness. His characters are not there to be liked or disliked but to be examined, to be caught at the precise moment when they begin to divide in themselves, to show an unsuspected rift, like the egotistic diva La Falterona in "The Voice of the Turtle" or Captain Forestier in "The Lion's Skin," who lived up to his own crazy idea of himself just when you would have expected him to break down.

For me, the best story in the collection is "Lord Mountdrago," a curious, dry tale about two men who dominated each other's dreams. It has a plot the Stevenson of "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde" might have devised, or, better still, the Beerbohm of "Seven Men." One of those tours de force of the semisupernatural at which certain English writers are unequalled, it's a completely successful trick yarn that may bob up in the anthologies for years to come.

This is Maugham's last book of short fiction; it may well be his last book. If so, it provides a good note for him to end on—a note of perfect craftsmanship, literary conscientiousness, modest rea-



"It's that dark horse the South Carolina delegation has been keeping under cover."

sonableness. No swan songs, no feeble last-minute explosions; just a sound collection of diverting, ingenious, well-told tales—pure Somerset Maugham.

THOSE who were wondering when this was written (July 1st, 10:30 A.M.) what Russia was up to and how her Balkan adventure would affect the Nazi conquest may find a certain amount of clarification in "The Imperial Soviets," by Henry C. Wolfe. Mr. Wolfe offers a few simple ideas about Soviet Russia, plus some information (not a great deal of it new) about her basic foreign policy from 1920 to the present. The main value of the book is its demonstration, not entirely bullet-proof, of a continuous thread of economic and military coöperation between Germany and Soviet Russia during the last twenty years—a contact which, when you analyze it carefully, makes the Soviet-Nazi pact inevitable rather than surprising. Mr. Wolfe believes that this coöperation is continuing, but at the time his book was written he was unable to see that the partnership is an unequal one. His guess (it seems improbable at the moment) is that Hitler may be playing Kerensky to Stalin's Lenin. In any case, he believes, one will eventually take the other over.

His other leading idea—that Stalin's Russia has embarked on a campaign of opportunist imperialism no different in essence from that of the Nazis—is threadbare by this time. One thing he does not make clear is how Russia can be "imperialist" and at the same time have "world revolution" as her final aim. Imperialism, at least as the nineteenth century taught us to understand the term, is repressive; revolution traditionally is supposed to liberate submerged groups or classes. It seems to me that it would make matters clearer if we stopped applying the word "revolution" (some of us think of 1776, for example) to the Hitler-Stalin *Realpolitik*, which is simply old-fashioned world conquest based on a new-fashioned technique, but with conquest's traditional ideal—a master-and-slave status—still as its ultimate goal.

HELEN HULL, who writes intelligent novels about the folks who are popularly supposed to live next door, has a new one out that will, I imagine, appeal chiefly to women. "Through the House Door" is dominated by a consideration of the problems of domestic love. Beatrice's husband goes partly blind and she escapes from the situation by having a semi-flutter with a masterful publicity

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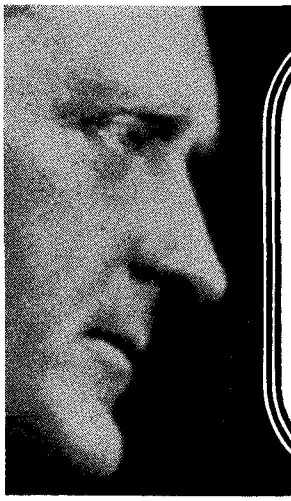

"Wise and Beautiful"—R. L. DUFFUS,
N. Y. Times Book Review

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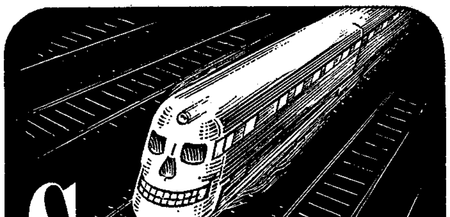

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agent. In the end, however, back she goes to her husband, the reconciliation scene being several shades less banal than one might expect. The moral is a little on the Dorothy Dix order—"You have to do a lot of work on love. It doesn't get along by itself." In general, these feminine novels, no matter how well written—and Miss Hull writes very well indeed—are apt to seem to the bewildered male reader nothing but sophisticated, conscientious variations on themes also to be found in the advice-to-the-lovelorn columns.

—CLIFTON FADIMAN

BRIEFLY NOTED

FICTION

NO SILVER BELLS, by Phyllis Hambledon. Miss Hambledon's heroine is a Scottish spinster, fortyish, a successful landscape gardener. To her middle-aged English suitor she explains why she will not marry him, explains it in a letter which turns out to be this very novel. Smooth summer fiction, and the gardens sound very fine.

DOCTOR DOGBODY'S LEG, by James Norman Hall. If a ship's surgeon had lost a leg during the Napoleonic Wars, and if he had happened to be a fine hand at spinning a yarn, he might have entertained his cronies by describing his experiences in as lively a fashion as Mr. Hall's surgeon does. Not being hampered by a desire to stick to the facts, the good Doctor tells his story ten times, and tells it differently each time. Good entertainment.

THE SHIP'S SURGEON'S YARN, by Francis Brett Young. Mr. Young isn't as entertaining as Mr. Hall. A dozen short stories, most of them being the observations of a ship's surgeon who meets all sorts of queer folk. Some are sprightly, some pretty flat. The best is probably "Blood Oranges," a tale of love and revenge in a primitive village near Naples.

THE ENGLISH AIR, by D. E. Stevenson. Education of a young Nazi who makes a visit to England just before the Munich settlement to learn something about the mysterious British. He finds them honorable, good-tempered, generous, and well-mannered. At the moment, British gallantry and heroism need no proof. Miss Stevenson's sugar-coating seems irrelevant, immaterial, and a mite silly.

GENERAL

GIRL REBEL, by Hsieh Pingying, translated by Adet and Anor Lin. The autobiography of a Chinese girl sol-

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dier: her youth in the pleasant Province of Hunan, her escape from an unbelievably "feudal" middle-class family, her experiences in the 1927 Kuomintang, her war service, etc. The book includes the author's latest war diaries, the first of which were published in 1930. A naïve, engaging picture of the disorganized new generation, plus a remarkable characterization of the author's mother, a formidable matriarch. The introduction is by Lin Yutang. Illustrated.

THE NEW NOAH'S ARK, by André Demaison, translated by Eric Sutton. Many years ago the author sailed the west coast of Africa collecting animals for zoos—river hogs, colobe monkeys, a young hippopotamus, etc. Intelligent and charming travel adventure.

WHITE WATER AND BLACK MAGIC, by Richard C. Gill. Superior travel book, an account of "functional exploring" for medicines among the witchmen of the upper Amazon. Along with other drugs, the author collected a batch of curare, the Indian arrow poison now used in the treatment of spastic paralysis and dementia praecox. Illustrated.

IN SEARCH OF COMPLICATIONS, by Eugene de Savitsch, M.D. In part the familiar, self-told story of a White Russian émigré, in part an account of his life as a surgeon: medical school in Chicago, studies in France, elephantiasis and elephant hunting in the Congo, and so on. A little slow, but the Doctor has a nice ironic touch. Foreword by Arthur Krock.

FRONTIERS OF THE NORTHWEST, by Harold E. Briggs. Economic and social history of the upper Missouri Valley states: miners, buffalo hunters, cattle ranchers, sheep ranchers, and farmers. Lots of fascinating detail and some new material. Illustrated.

THE UNITED STATES IN WORLD AFFAIRS: 1939, by Whitney H. Shepardson, in collaboration with William O. Scroggs. The foreign-affairs annual, compiled under the auspices of the Council on Foreign Relations. A readable, well-informed, critical digest of world events which affected the United States in 1939. Full appendices. Maps.

COUNTRY SQUIRE IN THE WHITE HOUSE, by John T. Flynn. The *New Republic* columnist writes a short campaign biography in reverse, taking Mr. Roosevelt apart to see what makes him tick. He argues that the New Deal is simply a mirror of the President's record and personality: a big-navy man, an economic tyro, a

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none too scrupulous politician, etc. The author's view of Mr. Roosevelt's foreign policy agrees with that of Lavine and Wechsler (see below). Peppery stuff, and no holds barred.

WAR PROPAGANDA AND THE UNITED STATES, by Harold Lavine and James Wechsler. Sponsored by the Institute for Propaganda Analysis, this is a pretty objective review of propaganda efforts—foreign and domestic, interventionist and isolationist—to put us into the present war or keep us out of it. The authors suggest that Mr. Roosevelt has been moving toward intervention. A clean, thorough job. Introduction by Eduard C. Lindeman and Clyde R. Miller. Illustrated.

NEW WORLD CHALLENGE TO IMPERIALISM, by M. E. Tracy. Sketching in a rather oversimplified history of European imperialism, a former editor of *Current History* argues that our best hope for future peace lies in the continental principles outlined in the Declaration of Lima. Valuable sections on the South and Central American countries. Illustrated.

PARIS FRANCE, by Gertrude Stein. Charming but now melancholy recital of the customs and qualities of France by an American who has known them since 1900. Dilettante in spots, though much of the book seems fresh and sagacious. Not hard reading.

MICHELANGELO, by Marcel Brion, translated from the French by James Whitall. Readable and penetrating biography of the great Renaissance genius, "fundamentally a puritan," who excelled as painter, sculptor, architect, and engineer. Reproductions of his sketches and paintings, three in color.

MYSTERY AND CRIME

I DON'T LIKE CATS, by Lindsay Anson. An English author follows the hardboiled school of writing in this novel of the neuroses and not very suppressed desires of a couple of Oxford graduates. Some old hates, suspicion, jealousy, and just plain orneriness are mingled with the up-to-date art of international spying. Easy to read, and frightening in spots.

•

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[*From the Times*]

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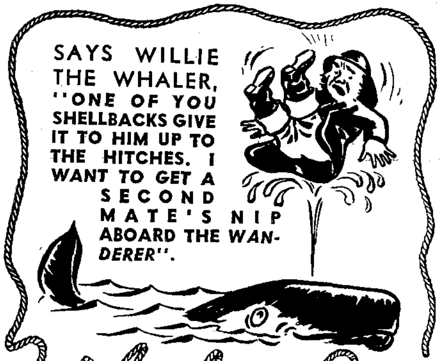

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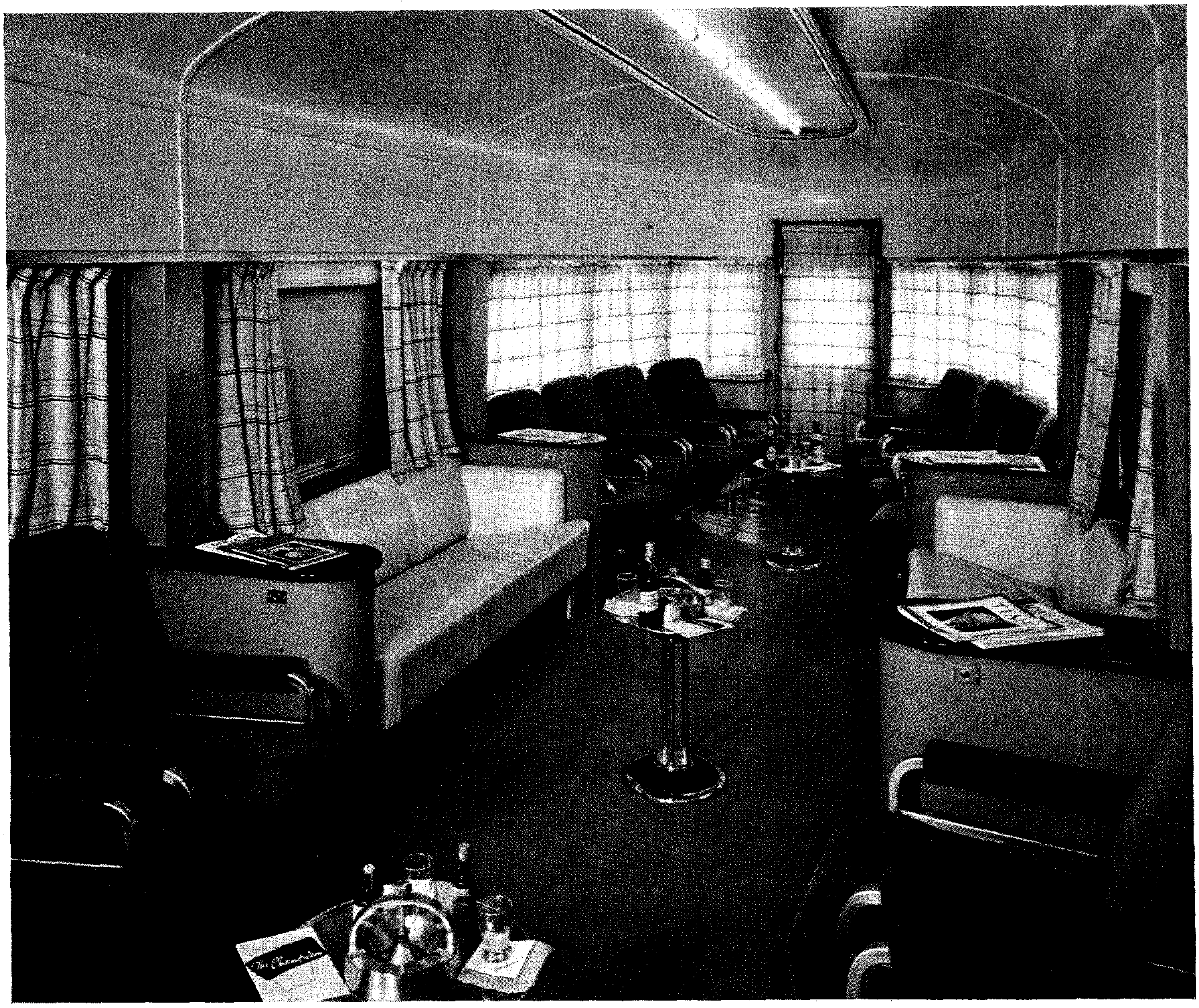

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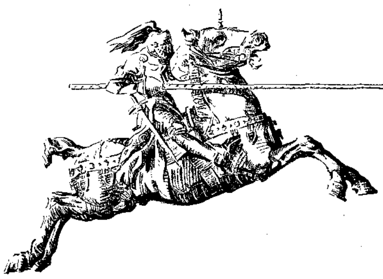

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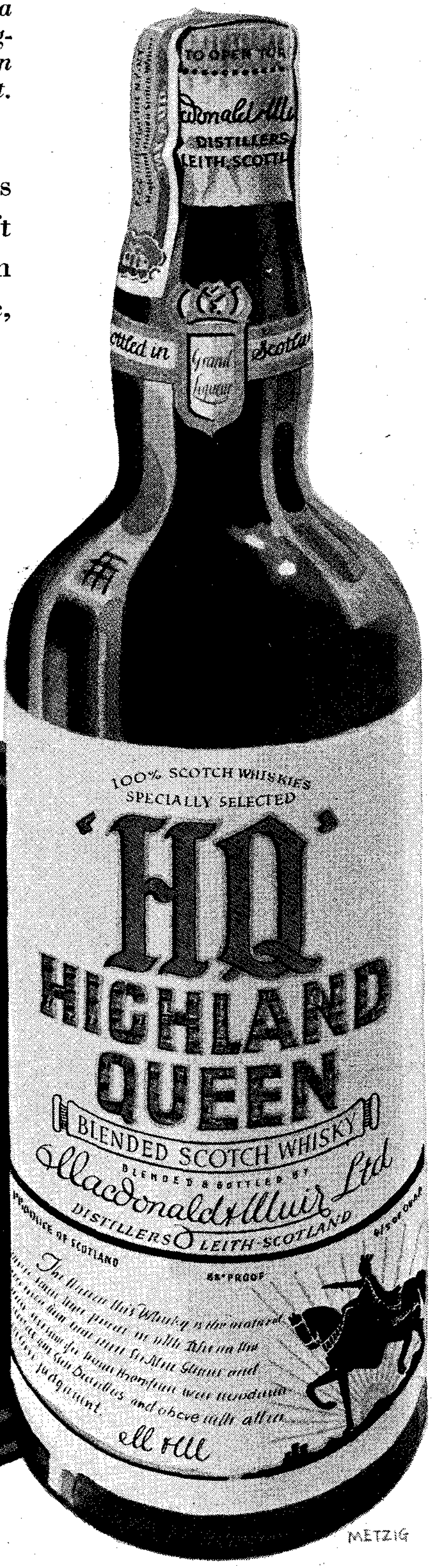
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